McKean County Miner.

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W. S. PALMER SERIOUSLY INJURED.

He Fell Under a P., S. & N. Car Thursday Evening.

LOST ONE FOOT, OTHER BADLY CUT.

He Showed Wonderful Nerve—One Foot Will be Saved is Improving Rapidly.

The many friends of Willett S. Palmer in this borough were terribly shocked last Thursday evening, shortly after 7 o'clock, when the news came from Larabee that he had fallen under the evening northbound Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern passenger train at Coryville and was being brought home terribly mangled. Fortunately this report proved to be somewhat exaggerated as the fact is that his left leg was amputated about four or five inches above the ankle and the right, although badly cut and bruised at the ankle joint, will undoubtedly be saved.

The accident happened about 6:25 while the train was doing some switching in the Coryville yards. "Plum," as Mr. Palmer is generally called by his many friends, was not working at his occupation as fireman on the work engine on this road on account of the wet weather and in the evening he decided to ride down to Larabee and back with the crew on the passenger run.

He got into the box car which is used on this run for a baggage and smoking car and was down as far as Coryville. The car has a door cut through the end and "Plum" started to walk into the coach while the switching was being done. Just as he was in the act of stepping from this to the other car, part of the train came in contact with these cars for a coupling and the sudden jar caused him to slip between the cars. As there is no railing on the box car he could not catch onto anything to save himself and the only thing to do was to try to throw himself far enough to the side to clear the rails, which he almost did. The wheels caught him at the ankles. His left leg was almost severed just above the ankle and on the right there was a deep cut about three and a half inches long just below the ankle joint on the outside of that member and it was also badly bruised.

The first news those on the train had of the accident was when a man was seen half-lying beside the track waving the signal to stop. The train was stopped and Conductor D. M. Sheehan ran back to see what was the matter. He was horrified to see Mr. Palmer crawling on his hands and knees towards the train. His first words were, "Dan, both of my legs are off, aren't they." Mr. Sheehan made an examination and assured him it was not as bad as that; then he was helped into the baggage car.

A message was sent to Eldred for a doctor to meet them at Larabee and Dr. Kery responded to the summons. He was given liquor to deaden the pain and his legs were corded above the wounds to stanch the flow of blood. He was brought to Smethport on the same train and taken to the residence of his father-in-law, Robert King.

Drs. Clark and McCoy were also called and as soon as possible he was placed on the operating table, where Dr. Clark made the amputation as above described and dressed the wounds on his right foot. Mr. Palmer showed great courage throughout his whole terrible experience and withstood the terrible ordeal wonderfully.

There is a good deal of speculation as to how he could have escaped having both legs completely severed and as no one saw Mr. Palmer fall and up to this time no one has been allowed to interview him on this question it cannot be definitely explained. The writer had a very brief talk with the unfortunate young man in regard to the accident and while we did not question him closely on the subject we have come to the conclusion that when he was thrown by the jar of the cars coming together the train went far enough to catch and crush his legs without completely passing over them and when the train started ahead he pulled his legs out before the wheels passed over them, thus avoiding having them completely severed.

Later the writer had an interview with Mr. Palmer and he says our description of how the accident happened is correct in every detail. At the time of going to press he is improving as rapidly as possible under the circumstances.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Cleaning Time.

Your old furniture made to look as good as new with one coat of the Celebrated, De Voe's Varnish Stain. Made to imitate any wood. Easy to apply.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The Potter Journal thinks the Potter hunters far superior to those of McKean and in proof thereof gives Leroy Lyman's "best time:" Deer killed in one day, 7; in one half day, 6; in one hour, 5; in one minute, 4; in one second, 2. Leroy lives in the edge of Potter, does a good deal of hunting in this county and is really a McKean hunter! We hardly expected that paper to "call up the shadowy past" to beat our sportsmen, of the present time, for the "oldest inhabitants" do still insist that game was more plenty thirty or forty years ago than now. We have no doubt but that some of our old hunters can "trot out" a more killing record than Leroy's, although his is pretty fair for a Potter county man.

Talk About Hunters!—The following communications were handed to us during the past week by the persons who performed the exploits. They are men of high standing in the community and their word is as "good as the wheat." Again we say, "Leroy Lyman is nowhere." The Potter county hunters stand no sight.

ED. MINER:—I saw something in the MINER the other day in regard to Leroy Lyman's hunting exploits. If there is any virtue or truth in the old adage that "practice makes perfect," he certainly ought to be a good hunter, for he makes that a business. Here is my best time: Deer killed in five hours, twenty minutes, 6; in one-half day, 6; without moving, 4; in one second and at one shot, 2. Have killed one bear and one deer in one day. Have killed 46 deer in 22 days. In one day I have caught 9 pike weighing from 6 to 18 pounds, the weight of which, in the aggregate, was 104 pounds. W. H. Taylor.

ED. MINER:—I give you my hunting experience: Deer killed in five seconds, 10; in one day, another time, 8; in one-half day, 6; in one second, 2 and wounded the third one; in one-half hour, 4; in ten minutes, 4 bears and 1 deer; in one minute, 2 bears. Have killed 1,500 deer in all. Use a single barrel gun. Only gun I ever had. Never used a dog. I have killed 27 deer at 30 shots. Killed the first ten deer I ever shot at. Never hunted but two months in a year. Arthur Young.

D. E. Cornelius of Farmers Valley killed six deer in one hour and seven in one day. Fulsom Ferris of the same place killed three deer at one shot last winter.

Fiddis, the Williamsport murderer, took a dose of vinegar and molasses to cure a sore throat half an hour before he was hanged.

It is reported that Johnny Steele, the former "oil prince," is driving trains on Cherry Run for a livelihood.

Married, at the residence of Benjamin Bunker in Prentiss Vale, on December 25, 1869, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. C. B. Dean of Eldred and Miss Emily L. Bunker of the former place.

In Eldred, on the same date by Rev. T. T. Carlingter, Mr. Frank Barton and Miss Mary Swink, both of Otto township.

On December 28, 1869, at the house of Daniel Rifle in Norwich township, by Rev. C. H. Washburn, Mr. S. M. Rifle and Miss N. M. Myrrick.

Also at the same time, by the same, Mr. W. H. Dickerson and Miss L. A. Rifle.

On January 2, 1870, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. T. H. Fraley of North Branch, Wyoming county, Pa., and Miss E. M. Barnes of Hamlin township. A greenback and a nice cake accompanied this notice. We wish the newly married couple a long and happy life.

Died, on Monday, January 3, 1870, at his residence in Norwich township, Mr. Andrew Gallup. The old settlers of this county all knew and highly esteemed the deceased for his many noble qualities and will deeply regret his death. Mr. Gallup was for years the faithful postman, carrying the mail on horseback from Smethport to Lock Haven. He was a good citizen, a kind neighbor and indulgent husband and father. His loss will be severely felt in this community. The deceased was in his 59th year.

Married, on January 13, 1870, at the residence of M. K. Hackett in Keating township, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. L. L. Simmons of Bingham, Potter county, Pa., and Miss N. E. Hackett of the former place.

On Tuesday morning, January 18, 1870, at about 6 o'clock the store of N. Robbins at Spearsburg burned to ashes. It was first discovered by a Mr. Stevenson who lives a few rods above. He ran down to Mr. Cook's to get him to assist in putting out the fire, but not finding him at home came back and burst in a side door to the store when he discovered that the inside and front was all on fire. The stock was insured for $700.

J. K. Hafley of DeGolia will please accept the thanks of the MINER family for several boxes of collars. They are highly finished and of a good quality.

Furnished Rooms to rent. Inquire at this office.

THE SMETHPORT BASEBALL RECORD

We Win Three Out of the Four Games During the Last Week.

BOLIVAR AND AUSTIN WERE EASY.

Port Allegany Defeated in Close Battle—Coudersport Beats Us by One Score—Frogs and C. H. R. Also Play.

SMETHPORT 12; BOLIVAR 1.

The reorganized Smethport base ball team went to Bolivar last Saturday and took their first scalp in the above manner. Bates and Nelson, both pitchers for the Bolivar team, were hit hard, while Chapin did the twirling for us, holding the York State folks down to three hits and one run, which was made on errors. Servatius hit out his usual home run and it was said to have been the longest hit ever made on the Bolivar grounds.

SMETHPORT 5; PORT ALLEGANY 3.

One of the prettiest exhibitions of base ball ever played in Smethport was that of Monday afternoon. From start to finish it was anybody's game and it was fast ball every minute.

Port Allegany was first at bat, but did not score. In our first inning Servatius made a home run. In the second neither team scored. Port scored one in their half of the third and shut out our team. The visitors in the fourth retired in order and again we scored. Nothing doing in the fifth. We held the visitors in the sixth and added one, and did the same in the seventh. In the eighth an error, a two-bagger and three singles gave Port two runs and the bases full, with no one out. Here it looked bad for us, but Nolan, with excellent support, retired three without another run. For us Strood punched out a homer, making the score as above. The visitors failed to score in the ninth. Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Tracy, c	3	1	1	10	0	0
Servatius, lf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Faust, ss	4	0	1	0	2	0
Strood, 3d	3	1	1	1	1	1
Keefer, 1st	3	0	1	11	0	0
Baker, 2d	3	0	0	2	1	0
Andrews, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Nolan, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	30	5	8	26	5	1

One out hit by batted ball.

PORT ALLEGANY.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Cole, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Skinner, lf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Daniels, 2	3	1	1	1	1	0
Julius, 3	3	0	1	0	1	1
Lynch, ss	3	0	0	1	3	0
Lemon, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
McMurraugh, lb	3	0	0	9	0	0
Carrighan, ss	3	0	0	2	1	0
Bacon, p	3	1	0	0	2	1
Total	27	3	5	15	8	2

By innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Smethport	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	2	0—5
Port Allegany	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—3

Earned runs—Smethport 2, Port Allegany 1. Stolen bases—Sasse, Tracy, Andrews, Cole, Lemon. Home runs—Servatius, Strood. Two base hits—Skinner, Daniels. Passed ball—Tracy. Wild pitch—Bacon 2. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Jay Norton.

SMETHPORT 14; AUSTIN 5.

Smethport won another game from Austin on base ball Tuesday afternoon. As far as Austin was concerned it was anything but a first class game, but by fast playing and good hitting our team kept the crowd in good humor throughout the game. Doubles pulled himself out of some right places by perfect pitching. Sasse distinguished himself by making a two-bagger and a home run and Faust at short made one of the prettiest and quickest stops and throws, catching a man on second, that ever was made on these grounds. His home run also added to his popularity.

Austin requested that the game be called in the first half of the eighth inning so that they could catch their train for home.

Following is the score:

Austin	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	5	1	2	0	0	0
McNamara, 3d	5	1	0	0	2	0
Martin, c	4	0	1	10	1	1
P. Swain, 2d	4	2	1	1	3	2
Russell, 1st	4	0	2	6	0	1
Gehm, cf-p	4	0	0	3	0	0
Kirwan, p-cf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Sines, ss	4	0	0	2	1	1
Benjamin, rf	4	1	2	0	0	1
Total	38	5	8	24	8	6

SMETHPORT	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	5	1	2	3	0	0
Tracy, c	4	1	2	5	0	0
Servatius, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Faust, ss	1	2	1	0	4	0
Strood, 3d	4	3	2	1	0	0
Keefer, 1st	5	0	1	6	0	0
Baker, 2d	4	2	1	3	2	1
Nolan, rf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Doubles, p	3	3	2	0	2	1
Total	38	14	15	24	9	3

By innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Austin	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	—5
Smethport	0	3	0	7	3	1	0	0	—14

Earned runs—Smethport 4, Austin 1. Stolen bases—Doubles 2, Sasse, Nolan, M. Swayne. Home runs—Sasse, Faust. Two base hits—Sasse, P. Swayne, Benjamin. Double plays—Nolan to Keefer, Morgan to Russell, Sines to P. Swayne to Russell. Bases on balls—off Doubles 1, off Kirwan 6, off Gehm 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Doubles 1. Struck out—by Doubles 4, by Kirwan 2, by Gehm 2. Passed balls—Tracy 2. Hits made—off Kirwan 10, off Gehm 5. Innings pitched—Kirwan 4½, Gehm 3½.

COUDERSPORT 8; SMETHPORT 7.

The most interesting game so far this season played in Smethport was played on Kane field yesterday afternoon between the above named teams with the above result.

The game started off with the visitors at bat and they were retired in order. Smethport followed suit, Servatius hit excepted.

Coudersport went after us right in the second inning and the way they hammered Chapin was painful. Whitney opened with a single, Haskell followed suit, Whitney was retired at third on Bell's grounder to short, Merrill got a life on Chapin's error, Moran and Drake met the leather on the nose for singles and Burrell gave it a ducking clearing the bases. Eichberger went up on Baker's error, Ford fanned and "Ikey" was caught at second on Whitney's grounder to third. Ford retired our side by catching three flies in succession. This was our fatal inning, score being six to nothing.

Chapin at this point wanted to retire but he was advised to finish the game and he pulled himself together and until the seventh inning the visitors did not score. Our team made two runs in the meantime.

In the seventh a base on balls, a passed ball, a stolen base and two singles gave the visitors two more and ended their run getting, although in the ninth Burrell, first up, hit it for three bags. Our half of this inning nested us three runs on two two-baggers, two steals, two singles and an error.

The ninth inning looked dangerous for the visitors. Doubles singled, Nolan flied to right field, Sasse passed up on an error, Tracy fanned and "Buke" planted a line drive on the edge of the creek and had it not been for the fact that the ball struck against an old log it would have been good for a homer but as it was two scored, Haskell got Faust's grounder and ended the suspense.

Following is the tabulated score:

COUDERSPORT.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Burrell, 3d	5	1	2	1	1	1
Eichberger, c	6	3	5	8	0	0
Ford, lf	6	0	0	4	0	0
Whitney, 1st	5	1	3	12	0	0
Haskell, ss	4	1	1	1	3	1
Bell, rf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Merrill, 2b	4	1	1	0	2	0
Moran, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Drake, p	4	1	1	0	8	1
Totals	40	8	11	27	11	3

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Tracy, c	5	1	1	6	2	0
Servatius, lf	5	0	0	3	0	0
Faust, ss	5	1	0	2	3	0
Strood, 3d	4	1	0	1	3	0
Keefer, 1st	3	0	0	10	1	0
Baker, 2b	4	1	2	2	0	0
Doubles, rf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Chapin, p	3	0	0	0	0	0
*Nolan	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	39	7	5	27	15	3

*Batted for Chapin in ninth.

By innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Coudersport	0	6	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—8
Smethport	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	3—7

Sacrifice hit—Keefer. Earned runs—Coudersport, 6, Smethport 2. Stolen bases—Whitney, Servatius 2, Tracy 2. Home run—Burrell. Three base hit—Burrell. Two base hits—Sasse, Servatius, Baker, Chapin. Double plays—Faust to Baker to Keefer. Bases on balls—off Chapin 1. Struck out—by Chapin 4; by Drake 3. Time of game—1:50. Umpire—Joe Norton.

FROGS 33; C. H. R. 5.

The Independent Order of Frogs again distinguished themselves on the base ball field last Thursday afternoon by trouncing the Court House Ring by the above score. For the first five innings the game was close and interesting, but after that the balloon went up and the Frogs leaped around the toadstools at will until the eighth inning when 25 Frogs crossed the plate and the Ringsters gave up the battle.

The Ringsters are of the opinion that the wet weather gave the Frogs an advantage and they are determined on meeting them again.

LeBar-Steinhauer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Steinhauer of Clermont, Pa., solemnized the wedding of their daughter, Minnie B. Weidell, to Mr. Chris LeBar of Richburg, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 12 m. at the M. E. church.

The bride was gowned in white lansdowne, carrying a shower bouquet of white azaleas and myrtle tied with a white ribbon. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ella Weidell, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was also dressed in white carrying white and pink dahlias.

The wedding march was played by the bride's niece, Miss Rena Fiddler, of Westville, Pa.

The out of town guests included Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weidell and Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Lyman of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jacquette, Mrs. Greenan and Mrs. C. Knauf of Olean, N. Y., and Mr. Max Weidell of Colegrove, Pa.

The bride and groom left Clermont on the 2:15 train for Hornellsville and Utica, N. Y. At home after Oct. 15, 1903, at Richburg, N. Y.

A Daughter's Devotion.

A good sized audience greeted Alma Sterling in "A Daughter's Devotion" at the Lyceum last Thursday evening and by her cleverness she won nearly everyone who saw and heard her in this plain little play and her delightful song and dance specialties.

Her support as a bunch are about at par, but F. R. Wren, an old-time friend of Smethport theatre-goers in the role of Judge Crofoot, a country lawyer and family adviser, and Charles Dickerson as Jupiter Shiney an unsophisticated country lad, made decided hits.

The best Baltimore oysters served in bulk at N. M. Harrington's restaurant.

JUDGE BOUTON NOMINATED.

The Democrats Bestowed That Honor on Him Tuesday.

NON-PARTISAN JUDICIARY FAVORED

P. W. Mullin Named for Jury Commissioner—D. W. Healey Chairman of County Committee.

The Democratic county convention was held at the court house in this borough on Tuesday afternoon and was fairly well attended by representative men of that party throughout the county.

The convention was called to order at 2:30 o'clock by Chairman Fred W. Brownell. Dr. J. C. Walker of Bradford was elected temporary chairman, and James Paul and J. P. Devlin, Esq., were chosen secretaries. A resolution by a committee composed of E. W. Painter, Thos. Osborne, Jno. Mills, W. McCarty and C. W. Hooker, denouncing bossism, trusts and the Salus-Grady libel bill was unanimously adopted.

S. W. Pattison of Hamlin township, John Lewis of Smethport, W. G. Moore of Liberty township and P. W. Mullin of Sartwell were placed in nomination for jury commissioner and on the first ballot Mr. Mullin was chosen by a good margin.

The choice of a candidate for judge was next in order, and after much deliberation Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was unanimously chosen as the Democratic nominee for judge of McKean county. This decision was made with the intention of divorcing the judiciary from politics and rendering the judgeship non-partisan by making Judge Bouton the people's choice.

Daniel Healey, Esq., of Bradford and B. E. Royce of Port Allegany were named for the office of county chairman. Mr. Healey was elected on the first ballot.

Here's to Both.

Judge Bouton and the Democratic party of McKean county are both to be congratulated upon the action of the Democrats in the county convention yesterday when they unanimously endorsed the Republican nominee for president judge of McKean county, thereby removing all partisan considerations from this office.

It is best so:

The judiciary should be involved as little as possible with politics.

The Democrats have honored themselves even more than they did Judge Bouton, if such a thing is possible.

They will undoubtedly give Judge Morrison their generous support also at the polls as a fellow citizen of McKean county, who, likewise, is a candidate for a judicial office, as superior court justice, which can come only from the people of the entire state; therefore the Democrats and Republicans of this county are alike interested in demonstrating to the other counties of the State that McKean appreciates the honor thus shown it and its voters will remove all partisan feeling and consideration in voting for Judge Morrison, as they have already done in endorsing Judge Bouton.

Yesterday's action on the part of the Democrats shows plainly that they would have Judge Morrison on their ticket also, if the Smethport convention could decide it.

However, they can effect the same result in this county by voting for Judge Morrison at the polls, which would be a logical conclusion.

By so doing they would add fame to their county and honor to themselves without sacrificing in the least their party interests or loyalty.—Bradford Star.

Eugene Mullin's Condition.

Eugene Mullin of Bradford, one of the best known attorneys in this part of the State is still in a critical condition at his home, suffering from a complication of troubles, but now hopes are entertained for his recovery.

He had been suffering with heart trouble for several days and on Friday it was found necessary to perform a surgical operation for the removal of an abscess which had formed on his right leg. This operation he withstood well.

Sunday symptoms of blood poisoning developed and Monday his right leg was amputated above the knee. Owing to the condition of his heart it was feared that the shock of the operation would prove fatal, but he withstood the shock wonderfully for a man of his age and now the chances are fairly good for his complete recovery. The remarkable stamina displayed by the patient has proved a pleasant surprise to the attending surgeons and the many friends of the attorney will be pleased to learn that he is showing every indication of surviving the recent surgical operation and precarious illness with heart trouble.

Paint Now.

Just received fresh stock of Devoe's Paints, Varnishes and everything needed for a first-class job. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Bradford Boy Killed.

Henry Crawford, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crawford of Bradford, died Sunday evening at the Bradford hospital, as the result of a bullet wound in the head, caused by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of a companion, John Hollarn.

The accident is described as follows in Monday's Star:

The boys, with two other lads, left their homes at 10 o'clock yesterday for the woods. One of the four had a 22-calibre flobert rifle. At about 1 o'clock in the afternoon young Crawford and Hollarn became separated from the two other boys and made their way alone to an oil tank in the woods above the head of Rockland avenue. There they practiced shooting for some time setting up a board in front of the tank as a mark. While Hollarn was sitting down loading the gun, Crawford walked over to the tank and started to climb the tank ladder. Hollarn placed the cartridge in the gun and was closing the lock when the trigger suddenly snapped down and the weapon discharged. The gun pointed directly at young Crawford who, with a cry of pain, fell from the ladder to the ground. When Hollarn ran towards him, he saw blood spurting from the side of the Crawford boy's head and in great fear he set up a cry for help. Several persons who were climbing about the hill heard his summons and hastened to the scene. They picked up the wounded boy and carried him to the road near Rockland avenue. From here the ambulance and surgeons were summoned and soon the injured boy, accompanied by Drs. Winger and Benninghoff, was conveyed to the hospital.

An examination on the part of the surgeons revealed the fact that the wound was fatal and that the boy could live but a few hours. The bullet had punctured the top of the head and had passed into the brain. The injured lad never regained consciousness after the accident.

No blame whatever is attached to the Hollarn boy for his part in the sad affair. The boys had been close companions for years and were very friendly.

Death of Mrs. O'Connell.

Mrs. J. H. O'Connell died very suddenly at her home on Water street, this borough, at 9:30 Tuesday morning, aged 54 years. The cause of her death was cancer. Although she had been ill for over a year death came very unexpectedly. She had been up that morning and apparently was as well as usual up to a very short time before death came.

Mrs. O'Connell has been a resident of Smethport for the past two years and during that time has made many friends who, with her children, will sincerely mourn her demise. She was a good neighbor, a kind and loving mother and a woman whose loss will be keenly felt. She was a member of Crosscut Hive, No. 25, L. O. T. M., of Row City.

She is survived by four daughters, Mrs. George Stemps of Aiken and Misses Jean, Maude and Maymie of this borough and two sons, Henry of Bradford and George of this place.

Her remains were taken to Bradford this morning and the funeral services held at the Church of Ascension at 10:30 a. m., Rev. A. R. Kieffer officiating. Interment in Oak Hill cemetery.

A Maiden's "Psalm of Life."

Tell us no in idle jingle, "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single-blessedness a fib, "man thou art to man returned," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb, driven cattle—be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant, let the dead past bury its dead; act, act in the living present, heart within and hope ahead! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as will tell; such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn and idle brother, seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing and each one a husband get.

The Pennant.

The pennant of the McKean-Potter League is being made and will be ready to float over the victorious club at the close of the season. It will be of crimson silk, about 12 feet long and will have the letters "M.-P.-L. '04" thereon. The schedule now closes the season Oct. 2nd, with Smethport at Port Allegany, but to allow for the filing of reports and the presentation of the pennant to the winners on the field, an exhibition game will be played at a convenient place between the two leaders of the League and the pennant then presented.—Eldred Eagle.

Subscribe for the MINER.

STRANGE AS YET

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"What we want," said the senior partner eagerly, "is young blood in this venture, for it means the command of the whole coast trade for us. Whoever we send must go because one of us knows him intimately."

"Quite right," assented Caldwell the middle aged junior.

"I really can't recommend any one," pursued the other. "I thought to turn the whole matter over to you, but I think"—he smiled pleasantly—"that I can suggest a man whose fitness you could at once decide on."

Caldwell returned the smile. "All right," he said confidently. "You know I rather pride myself on being a good judge of a man—that is, if I've had any chance to study him."

"Best chance in the world," said the senior, with a touch of enthusiasm—he had no boys of his own—"I mean your son."

"My son?" Caldwell stammered.

"Certainly. He's as fine a youngster as I know. Just twenty-five and burning for a chance to do something. Told me himself that he wanted to work."

"He—he never seemed to take any interest in the firm before," objected Caldwell, reddening visibly.

"I know it. But it seems this new opening—the change of section—has awakened him. He was as pleased as punch when I told him I'd talk the affair over with you."

"Fact of the matter, Dobson," said Caldwell after an embarrassed pause, "is just this—it's exactly the chance I'd best like the boy to have. But you said, and I understand this importance, that the man we send we must know intimately."

"But your own son!" ejaculated Dobson. "Who else would you"—

"Who else could I know so well?" said Caldwell desperately. "That's what you'd say, Dobson, because you have no sons—indeed, no children at all. Consequently you can't understand how matters go nowadays with us business men. I'm self made, just as our business is. To keep things going I've scarcely ever taken off my harness. Harness hasn't made me blind, I don't say that, but what opportunity has it left me for an intimate acquaintance with John?"

"Nonsense, man! You show a remarkable knowledge of every clerk we employ. I believe you have literally turned 'em inside out."

"They are clerks! It was part of the business. But John—he may not be competent; the strain may crush him. He would do all he possibly could. But what are his capabilities? I can't gain our firm even for my son."

"Good Lord!" said Dobson cynically. "If this is your modern father"—

"You needn't use that tone," said Caldwell defensively, flushing a deeper red. "If I had stopped to think, Dob-

"AM I BREAKING IN ON A CONFERENCE, DAD?" HE LAUGHED.

son—it I'd had time to think of this—I wouldn't have been forced to this confession. But I'm no worse than the rest. Take Jackson and Reed and Kimball. Ask them what their sons really are aside from being college fellows who are well supplied with everything and who they believe in, of course. They couldn't tell you. They know their clerks—they live to us as they never will know the capabilities of their sons."

"Good Lord!" said Dobson again like an irritating echo of himself.

"Of course I know there are exceptions, but that's where the boy has shown traces in common with his father, has gone into the business in detail of its every-day routine, and never had much if anything to do with me. How could he? I'm just a business man while he's had a chance to enjoy life. His mother says there's nobody like him; that the girls all run after him. I know myself," he added, with fatherly pride, "that it does me good to look at him." Then, with a return to dejection, "But that's not business."

"No," assented Dobson, "that's not business."

As he spoke the office door swung open without warning, and a broad shouldered, finely groomed figure, eager, alert, swung into the room unceremoniously.

"Am I breaking in on a conference, dad?" he laughed.

"Not at all! Not at all!" said Dobson, rising hurriedly and taking the answer on himself. "I am just going out."

He made good his escape and caught himself whistling a whistle as he went down the elevator.

"And that's the man," he ejaculated inwardly, "who told me to a fraction last week where the bookkeeper's money went, what his personal habits were, what the man's breaking strain was to a hair. I guess he's an exception about his son. And yet, come to think, I don't know."

Up at the office John regarded his father with a joyous certainty which annoyed his parent excessively.

"Dobson has been telling me," said the elder, making the plunge, "that you want to take charge of this new development. You know you gave me to understand you never intended to go in with me that you were fitted for something higher—something literary, I believe."

"That's what I thought, but I was a silly ass," said his son, with refreshing frankness. "The fellows at college said my verses and short stories were the very best ever turned out by any member of my class. Perhaps they were, but when I tried them on your genuine editor the lush wouldn't bite at all. Of course, my friends and Elinor—I mean Miss Storrs—quoted the old maxim to me, 'Ad astra per aspera,' and"—

"Talk English, will you?" interrupted his father impatiently. "If I'd wasted my time studying that stuff you would have been in the gutter now."

"I dare say," said the young fellow good humoredly. "What I want to do now, since I'm a failure at prose and verse, is to go in for something solid. You see—I—I've got some one else to think of besides myself."

"Some one else?"

"Truth of the matter is I'm engaged."

"To who?"

"I wish you would learn to say to whom," thought the boy. Aloud he said respectively, "Elinor Storrs."

"Got any money?"

"Only a very little, and I've merely what you are good enough to let me have on allowance. But give me a chance on this opening, and I'll make a fortune for the firm and for myself. I've written rhymes, but I'm practical for all that."

"You may be," said his father grimly. "The trouble is I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance."

John Caldwell stared, astounded beyond words. The few curt sentences that followed enlightened him. The boy's head dropped.

"I've done wrong," said his father humbly.

John Caldwell flung up his head.

"It's more my fault than yours, dad," he said impulsively. "I had time to come out to you, and I didn't. Do you know, dad, we had a tenor in college devoted to mournful airs, and many a time I've heard him at that old song:

> "Strangers yet after years of life together,
> After fair and stormy weather!
> Why thus joined, why ever met,
> If they must be—strangers yet!

"By Jove, I never thought it would come home to me so. But we'll get on another footing if you will accept"—he rose and held out his warm young hand—"the pleasure of my acquaintance."

Mutely the father rose also and clasped it. As they stood together tears lay in the eyes of both.

Lord Kelvin and the Teapot.

Science as science has of recent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and workshop, favorite dwelling of chemists and mechanics. Many years ago, however, it was still a novelty to hear so practical an illustration, perhaps, as with less seriousness than it received could have been heard at the Edinburgh local meeting of the British Association. It was with something like joy therefore that a few students admitted to the soirée meetings of the Royal Scottish Society of Edinburgh heard Lord Kelvin announce "Tea Cosies" as the subject of his paper for the evening.

In that work-a-day world, where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the puzzled hand to slip over the teapot and arrest the dissipation of its heat is everywhere in use. Lord Kelvin had made an exhaustive study of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cup would no longer keep it warm, but quickly eventually cold. The boy on the back seat, behind experts, hoped at last was a practical use for science. By mathematical analysis of specifically exact proportions the outlines of some tea cozy might be designed with just the fortune made. Through endless formulæ the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At last Lord Kelvin reached his conclusion. "The proper size, in short, for the ideal teapot," he announced, "is approximately that of an ordinary 'garden pea.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Costard-monger.

The word costermonger is now used of an itinerant fruit seller. It was formerly spelled costard-monger and in this form appears in Grant's "Horace," to translate the Latin word "pomarius."

Literally it means costard-seller, costard being a kind of apple, the name of which Murray connects with coste, a rib.

Some etymologists connect it with custard, assuming that the pulp of apples was used in preparing this delicacy, but there is no real reason for this, since the "custard apple," mentioned in Dampier's "Voyages" (1699), is quite different fruit from the middle English costard.

Some connect it also with "costard," the humorous name for a head. "Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword."—Shakespeare. But it seems more probable that the head was called after the apple than the apple after the head.

The termination "monger" simply means a dealer or trader, as in fell monger and ironmonger, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "mangian," to traffic or barter, which is akin to the Latin "mango," a dealer who sets off and polishes up his wares.—London Standard.

The Cause of the Disturbance.

The Farmer (in the side show, looking around in alarm) Gosh! Where's all the rattlesnakes?

The Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear.—Judge.

Fond Recollection.

She—You haven't brought me a box of candy since we were married.

He—Yes, but think of the tons I brought you before we were married!

A Good, Big Figure.

"You'd never accuse Miss Millionaire of having her fortune in her face?"

"Never. It's plainly in her figure."

TALES OF A TUB

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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The Landors, with the exception of Dick, whose business detained him in the city, were spending the summer at their country home, some thirty miles out of C. One day Mollie decided to run in for a few days "to see Dick and shop a little."

The next morning she walked into her brother's office, much to his surprise and delight, for Dick was fond of his little sister.

"I thought you must be lonely, dear," she said, "when you go home at night, and I've come to be company for a day or two."

"That's good of you, Mollie. I'll tell Mrs. Klapper to come over early and get breakfast for us. She keeps my rooms in order, but I get all of my meals downtown."

"Bless you, Dick, I can get breakfast for us both! You need not say a word to Mrs. Klapper. How surprised she'll be when she comes over in the morning! I must go to do some shopping now, but I'll take tea with you at 5, and then we'll buy bread, coffee and some kind of breakfast food. Won't it be fun camping out in the house?"

After a jolly breakfast Mollie watched him swing into a car; then she went into the kitchen. Mrs. Klapper found her there. "Why, Miss Mollie," the good woman cried, "what ever are you in town for?"

Mollie explained. "Now that I'm here," she added, "I think I'll wash all of the bedroom curtains—those dotted swiss ones, you know. Jane should have attended to them before she went out to Hill Side."

"Oh, let me wash them, Miss Mollie! It 'll spoil your pretty hands." And Mrs. Klapper looked distressed.

But Mollie laughingly declined. "No," she said; "you may sweep and dust to your heart's content, but I shall do the washing."

The water was soon bubbling on the kitchen range. Mollie scorned the basement laundry, and, with Mrs. Klapper's help, carried her wash bench and tubs to the back porch.

Enveloped, in one of Jane's big aprons, with sleeves rolled up to her dimpled elbows, Mollie bent over her washboard. Mrs. Klapper, broom in hand, stood for a moment watching her. "Don't tire yourself to death," she said. "I hope you'll call me before you're all tuckered out." She turned to go into the house, but paused to say, "I'll most forgot your brother said he expected a young man here today."

"Yes, I know—it's some one that wants work, Dick says. I'm to find something for him to do. If he comes in time I think I'll let him take a turn at the tub if I'm tired. Now you can go to work in peace, Mrs. Klapper, for I shall have an able assistant," and Mollie laughed and splashed the water right and left with her vigorous rubbing.

A half hour went by, and then Mrs. Klapper appeared in the doorway. "That young man's come," she said. "He walked right up to the front door and rang the bell. He didn't look as if he needed work much—dressed as well as Mr. Dick, every bit. I've left him on the porch and locked the door after me. You can't be too careful. No one knows but he spoke their suit."

Mollie laughed. "Tell him to come around here where I am," she said, "if he wishes to work."

"Mercy! He ain't so much as mentioned yet that he is desiring a job—acts as if he expected you to see him in the parlor. I'm most afraid to have such a man around."

"Oh, no!" said Mollie. "You are too hard on the poor fellow. Probably some one gave him the clothes. Please send him here, Mrs. Klapper."

A minute or two later a pleasant faced, athletic looking young man swung around the corner of the house and lifted his hat to Mollie. Yes, he was well dressed and fine looking.

"Miss Landor?" he asked.

"Yes, and you are the the"—how should she say it?—"young man my brother was expecting?"

"The same—Brent Carrol, at your service. Your brother said I'd find you here. I've just been down to his office."

"Very well," she said. "You can put your hat and coat on the chair just inside the kitchen door there, then come here." A look of surprise crossed the young man's face; then his blue eyes twinkled with fun, and he sprang to do her bidding.

"What next, ma'am?" he said submissively.—Brent had been a star performer in the college plays, and now he fell at once into the part Mollie had assigned him.

"Next I want you to take my place at this tub while I rest. It isn't a man's work perhaps, but you look strong and"—

"Yes'm, I'm strong," he interrupted her, "but they thought I'd die once, when I had ammonia of the lungs." And he bent over the washboard with a pensive air.

"Of course he means pneumonia," Mollie said to herself. "No one would imagine from his appearance that he was so ignorant."

She sat on the top step and wiped her wet hands on Jane's apron. The young man found time to glance at her now and then; but he did not neglect his work. Indeed, after watching his vigorous operations for a few minutes Mollie felt it necessary to curb his zeal.

"You will wear the curtains out if you rub so hard," she said. "See! This is the way." And she took his place at the tub. Her pupil looked on admiringly.

"Aye, there's the rub," he said softly, for the moment forgetting his part.

Mollie turned and looked at him in surprise. "Do you like Hamlet?" she asked.

He was on his guard again. "I never met the gentleman, ma'am," he said, "bein' only a poor washerman."

"Oh," Mollie explained, "is washing your usual occupation?"

"It's a good one, ma'am, as you know, or you wouldn't be at it yourself, beggin' your pardon." He bent low over the tub as he made this speech.

"Yes," she said gravely, "it is a good occupation—making things clean and sweet. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Now the curtains are in the rinse water and we'll have lunch, and then you them on the line as soon as possible."

So they ate bread and jelly together on the back steps to the dismay of Mrs. Klapper, who saw them from an open window.

When Dick came home from the office a little later she met him at the door. "Well," he said to her, "I suppose you've had two callers this morning—the man after work and my old friend Carrol. I was surprised when he walked in."

Mrs. Klapper looked mystified.

"Only one man came," she said. "He's here now, helping Miss Mollie wash curtains. They were sitting on the steps awhile ago, eating a cold lunch together. You'd be frightened if you knew how she's trusted that strange young man. I told her it was dreadful risky, but she said she'd trust him exactly as she would any friend of yours, and she liked him much better—all but his language, which was not always grammatical. I believe he heard her, too, for he's been freer than ever since."

Dick stalked through the house and on to the back porch. A cuffless, collarless young man was hanging curtains on the line. Dick could not see his face, but there was something familiar about those broad shoulders.

"Brent Carrol," he said with a chuckle, and was down the steps with a bound.

Mollie's assistant turned finger on lips. "Hush," he whispered, "she takes me for a washerman, and I like the job." It was too late. Mollie's quick ears had caught the word of warning and an explanation was unavoidable.

I'm sure that she forgave him, for he is still in her service. Cupid does not always slay his victims with arrows—sometimes he uses soapsuds.

Wall Street Wrecks.

"Wall street leaves an ineffaceable stamp upon a man," said a New York lawyer the other day. "It isn't so apparent when he is on the crest of the wave, for he spends his money freely, and no one questions his means of getting it. But when he goes broke! He is absolutely unfitted for getting on his feet unless he can do it in a day. He has been accustomed to seeing fortunes won and lost in a few hours, and he can't see why fortune will not knock at the same door twice.

"I know a man who went broke in a crash six years ago. He is a good business man when not imbued with the fever of speculation. He could obtain a good position at $5,000 a year. But he would have to work and work hard to earn his salary. So he is looking for easy money—to make his million in a year, consequently he has borrowed from his relatives until they are tired of him. They want him to go to work but I doubt whether he will view the matter in the light they do until it is too late and the last golden opportunity has slipped away from him and left him a speculative and misanthropic wreck."—New York Press.

Getting Acquainted.

In his "Life of Bret Harte" Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton recalls a story which runs on the typical westerner's gift for humorous understatements. In the early days in California he took a night in an inn, newly opened. Mistaking his apartment, he went to bed and was aroused by the noise of spurs and shouting proceeding from the adjoining apartments below.

In the morning, on going downstairs, he found the landlord with a bruised eye, a piece of court plaster extending from his cheek to his forehead and yet with a pleasant smile on his face. Taking his cue from this, Harte said, "Well, landlord, you had rather a lively time here last night."

"Yes," admitted the landlord, with a deepening smile, "it was rather a lively time."

"Do you often have such lively times round here?" continued Harte, emboldened by the landlord's cheerfulness.

"Well, no," the landlord replied reflectively. "The fact is, we've only just opened yer, and last night was the first time the boys seemed to be getting really acquainted."

Chastising a Lord.

Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining in Paris with the British minister. Next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss X.

The conversation had drifted to a discussion of things American, and Lord D. made some disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some Yankee customs he abhorred.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued with an unpardonable want of tact, "that at some of the places I dined in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth!"

Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied with apparent unconcern:

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord."

There was no more unpleasant talk about Americans that evening.

A Quaint Examination.

Silence, it appears, is an unknown quantity at a divinity examination in Mandalay. The commencement is signaled by the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums. While the candidates are writing their answers they are surrounded by a jabbering crowd, who pass audible remarks about what is being done. The test lasts ten days, and the people make the examination the occasion for gaining merit by feeding the candidates, and cart loads of provisions of all sorts find their way to the pagoda precincts, and Burmans from every quarter go round collecting money to provide the competitors with the necessaries of life and luxuries as well.—Rangun Times.

NAPOLEON'S LETTER.

How the Initial "M" Punctuated the Great Conqueror's Career.

From Marengo to Moscow was the long swing in the pendulum of Napoleon's life, the one the greatest battle out of which he came with his life, the other the chess which engulfed him. Mr. J. M. Buckley, who is a literary expert on coincidences, points out how strangely the letter M played a part in the life of the great conqueror.

Murbec was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat and Moncey—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M.

Murat, duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Mollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him, afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquiou.

FALLING FROM ALOFT.

Peculiar Exemption of Sailor Men From Accidents of This Kind.

"One of the wonders of seafaring life," writes Charles Protheroe in "Life in the Mercantile Marine," is the singularly small proportion of sailors who meet with death or accident by falling from aloft. Whether or no the cherub who is supposed to sit aloft and watch over poor Jack is responsible for it I am not prepared to say, but the fact remains.

"Having to tumble up aloft at all hours, and in all weathers to perform acrobatic feats that would almost puzzle a monkey, the saying among sailors about 'hanging on by the eyebrows' becomes almost a truism.

"One would think the situation was highly spiced enough by danger without needlessly increasing it. Yet it is not altogether an uncommon thing to see a man, if he happens to be barefooted, run out along the yard in preference to using the footrope placed under it for the purpose, to reach what is a post of honor, the weather earring.

"In spite of all this, although not knowing the actual percentage, I make bold to say that not more than one sailor man in hundreds is killed or injured by falling from aloft. If I use my own experience as a base, the proportion would be less, for in over twenty years of sea life I was never caused the pain of witnessing such a catastrophe."

Parents as Teachers.

Of all the teaching in the world ninety-nine one-hundredths at least is done by fathers and mothers. Every child learns more in the way of actual facts from the day of its birth until the end of its seventh year than it can possibly learn in all the rest of its life put together. During those first hours and years of life the child learns to walk, to talk, and, what is far more important, it learns the beginnings of self control. During the first years the child puts itself in touch with the world into which it is born, and in these early years the parents, and the mother especially, are the teachers. They start the operations of the mind, giving it its first bent. And however able the teachers of the future may be, however conscientious and learned, in the great majority of cases the child's future, its success or failure, depends upon the first teaching influences of the mother and father.—New York American.

A Live Oak Too.

The bride was fair and slight and the bridegroom was dark and stalwart. They made a most interesting pair, and the people on the long distance train who had watched them more or less openly from San Francisco were cheered by the sight of a shower of rice which fell out of the bride's parasol two days later.

The bridegroom saw the smiles, and, putting his arm round his blushing wife, he faced the carful of friendly strangers.

"I reckon there's no need for me to say we haven't been married long," he announced in full chest tones, "but I can tell you one thing. You don't want to smile any more than is polite, for she's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak, and I weigh 204 pounds."

Fireproof Wood.

Though there is a number of different kinds of wood, ebony, ironwood, etc., of such close, hard fiber that even the fiercest fire has difficulty in "getting hold" of it, there is only one sort, so far as now known, that is practically fireproof. This is a small, scraggy tree, a native of South America, called the shopska, with thick, tough, stringy bark full of a sort of fire resisting sap. This curious shrub grows largely on the great, grassy savannas, which are swept by fire almost every year during the heat of the summer. There it thrives splendidly, for the annual scourge only kills off its bigger and hardier competitors and leaves the ground free for the growth of this vegetable asbestus.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Onion?'" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No; only one. That's why hegs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years in Parliament."

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McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Currie Bodine, Chapin & Co. have a new millinery display this week.

—Coudersport and Smethport is Saturday's game. Game called at 2.30 p. m.

—The Cross Fork News closed its years old last Friday. The News is a bright young sheet and we wish it success.

—Fall and winter footwear for men, women and children is advertised by Anderson & Carlson in this issue.

—Rev. E. E. Helms of Bradford will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Don't forget the administrator's sale of the jewelry stock and household goods of the late Mrs. E. G. Carter, which takes place on the premises, Main street, Smethport, to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at 1 o'clock.

—The Pittsburg conference of the Methodist church has advertised for four preachers for circuit work, who must have "big feet well planted on the solid ground of common sense." The gentlemen will get from $400 to $600 a year, but whether the larger sum is to be paid for the biggest feet or the most common sense is not specified.

—In regard to the location of the P., S. & N. R. R. shops, the Elk County Gazette says: "We are in a position to know that while there is a probability that Angelica may be the location, yet the necessary decision has not been made." Smethport is the most logical location for these shops and until they are definitely located elsewhere we do not give up hope of having them here.

—Deputy Prothonotary Sanford H. Lewis and Attorney W. K. Swetland of this place are in Boston, Mass., where they will have conferred upon them the highest degree in Masonry—the thirty-third degree. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Swetland will be the first men in this section to secure such a high and distinguished place in Masonry and the Masons of Coudersport and the townspeople in general heartily congratulate the gentlemen.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Dr. Morris Bailey, for thirty-eight years a practicing physician of Titusville, celebrated his 85th birthday recently in a novel manner. On his books were accounts uncollected, extending over nearly half a century of time and amounting in the aggregate to about $42,000. These he consigned to the flames on his birthday. He has $10,000 worth of accounts remaining which he expects to "settle" in the same manner. The late Dr. S. D. Freeman did a similar act shortly before his death.

—In connection with the thrilling mystery story entitled "A Transaction in Copper," which begins in the Philadelphia Sunday Press September 27, an opportunity is offered to win $500 in cash prizes. All you have to do is to guess how the story turns out. The last chapter will not be published until a period of a week elapses in order that everybody may have a chance to guess. This chapter has been sealed in an envelope by the publishing and no one knows the solution of the mystery. Buy next Sunday's Press and read the first installment of this exciting story and the details of the prize offer.

—Maud Adams' right name is Krakauer. Lillian Russell in "Wildfire" is Miss Leonard. Henry Irving is John Henry Brodrib. Benham Thompson's right name is Henry Low. Dockstader is George A. Clapp. Gus Williams is Gustave Wilhelm Lewerk; May Irwin is a Mrs. Kellar to her neighbors; De-Wolf Hopper is William Hopper. Mary Mannering was Miss Mary Brown before she married. Thespians are fond of names that sound well. Tim Murphy tried the experiment of changing his name after he had become famous. It was a failure and he had to resume his own name. Oris Skinner's Yankee name sounded more like that of a comedian than a dignified and spirited romantic actor, but he did not change it.—Bradford Era.

The Death of Mark Antony.

Mark Antony gave the world for a woman's love, but found himself so poorly compensated by the exchange that in desperation at the approach of Octavius and being informed that Cleopatra was endeavoring to make terms for herself by surrendering him, he smirched himself with his dagger. Being revived, he received the message sent by Cleopatra that she desired to see him. He was carried to her place of refuge. Cleopatra and her maids raised him by ropes to the window of the tower where the fallen queen found her last home. He was lifted in and died in her arms.

Peculiarities of Fish.

There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot live out of water and the other that they can live in any pure water, the food supply taking care of itself. As a matter of fact, there are fish in Africa which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year, have developed lungs, while in many an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided owing to lack of food.—London Field.

Reasonably Certain.

"I understand old Skinflint has got religion."

"It's possible."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, if Skinflint and religion have come together at all I think it is safe to say that he has got religion. There certainly is nothing to indicate that religion has got him."—Chicago Post.

Duchesse de Berry at Dieppe.

Dieppe boasts of being the most ancient of all the "bains de mer." Henri III. repaired thither in 1578 "to bathe in the sea in order to cure certain ailments from which he suffered."

For a long time the Dieppe baths were reported to be efficacious in cases of hydrophobia. When Henry IV.'s little dog, Fanor, had been bitten by a big dog, supposed to be mad, it was dispatched to Dieppe in charge of a groom of the chamber, "pour etre mouille dans la mer," and Mme. de Sevigne relates that some ladies of the court who had been bitten by a mad dog went there in 1671.

It was, however, the Duchesse de Berry who popularized Dieppe. She went there regularly from 1824 to 1830 and once took part in a really remarkable ceremony of inauguration on the beach. While cannon thundered and bells pealed and bands played she publicly entered the water, led by the hand by the "royal medical inspector of the baths," who was attired in evening dress with kid gloves. One would give a great deal for a snap shot of that performance.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The First American Bible.

In 1663 the first Bible printed in America was published in Cambridge. It was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures, that right being a monopoly enjoyed by privilege and patent in England. The one printed in Massachusetts was Eliot's famous "Indian Bible," and, although 1,500 copies were struck off, they are quite rare and "sealed books," as the tongue in which they are written is literally a "dead language," the tribe and all who had a knowledge of the dialect being long extinct.

Eliot's work is unique, being at once a monument to his piety, perseverance and learning. Its literary successor was Newman's "Concordance of the Scriptures." This was compiled by the light of pine knots in a log cabin in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts. It was the first of its kind and for more than a century was admitted to be the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden's, which it suggested.

Uncovering the Past.

"All right," says the rich father, after the count has stated his terms. "I'll let Sadie marry you and agree to turn over to you $1,000,000. Now, let's get fixed up properly. Suppose we say $1,000 down and the balance at $2 a week?"

Here Sadie bursts into tears and leaves the room.

"Now, see," says the rich father to his wife, "what on earth's the matter with that girl?"

"Well, I don't blame her at all, pa. It seems as if you never could keep from betraying the fact that we are of plebeian origin."

"What have I done now?" asks pa.

"Why, you talk as if you were buying the count from an installment house."—Judge.

Enough.

A New York man says that one of the most pathetic remarks he ever heard was made by a youngster who belonged on New York's East Side. The little fellow was taken to Coney Island on an outing conducted by a charitable organization. He went down on the beach and stood for several minutes watching the waves rolling in. As far as he could see there was nothing but water and the expanse of waves and whitecaps fascinated him. Heaving a deep sigh, the little fellow remarked, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw enough of anything."

Birds Free Disease.

Professor Mussart has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences that his observations proved the truth of the statement made by ancient writers that birds flee from cities and countries that are threatened with pestilence. He has found that birds that live in large cities, particularly sparrows and swallows, fly away when serious epidemics begin.

Class Amusements.

"Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?"

"Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—Washington Star.

The Idler.

An idle man never encourages good citizenship or progress or peace or decency. Idle men hanging around a town are always a pest. Mischief is always easy to stir up, and every useful, progressive man finds his efforts handicapped by loafers.—Atchison Globe.

Just Saved From Starvation.

When in 1901 Miss Balfour was visiting the west of Ireland and studying the condition of the people she asked one of them how they were getting on in a particular village. "Arrah, miss, sure and if it wasn't for the famine we'd be starving!"—John Bull.

Two Sides of a Case.

Slowpay—Doctor, I suppose you can recommend your tailor to me?

Doctor—Certainly, but you will have to get some one else to recommend you to my tailor.—Medical Brief.

The same boy who is taught to believe that the drumstick is the best part of the turkey grows up to imagine that his wife always gives in to him.—New York Press.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRENEN FUEL FOOD CO., LA ROY, N. Y.

A Fishmongering Railroad.

While looking through a pile of old papers a correspondent came across the following article in a New York paper of the date of Feb. 6, 1850, under the caption of "The Smelt Railroad:"

"It is well known that the Portsmouth railroad has to turn everything to account to pay running expenses, and many are the jokes they perpetrate upon the conductors in reference to their shifts to get a living. It is said that one of them last year was accustomed to bring fish from Portsmouth and peddle them out on the way to Concord.

"One day he brought along smelts, dealing out to customers at every station, till he got to Suncook, where he blew his horn and an old woman came out and wanted six, 'just a pattern—all I've got left, you're in the nick of time,' said he, and he began to count them and found only five. 'How's this? I should have six.' And he began to count his fingers and reckon over how he had disposed of the four dozen he had started with. After awhile: 'I have it! Hold on a little while and I'll be back,' said he, and he ran the train back seven miles to a place where he had let a woman have one more than she had paid for, got it, came back to Suncook and let the old woman have the six she wanted, and then the 'smelt' train went to Concord."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Sentinel and Hussar.

Two well known military terms, "sentinel" and "hussar," afford capital instances of the remarkable manner in which a nation does its word twisting. At first sight there seems little connection between the Latin word sentina, signifying the hold of a ship, and a soldier keeping watch over his sleeping comrades. The connecting link is afforded by the word sentinator, the Roman who pumped the hold of Cæsar's galleys free of bilge water. Upon his constant vigilance depended the lives of the entire ship's company.

Similarly the word "hussar" is merely a Hungarian term signifying "twentieth." It arose in this manner: When Matthias Corvinus became king of Hungary in 1458 he was extremely afraid of foreign invasion. He consequently raised an army by the simple expedient of commandeering every twentieth individual in the land; hence the hussar.

Mistakes Mistaken.

The use of these words seems to be so anomalous as to need some inquiry and explanation.

I may be mistaken, for I continually make mistakes. But when shown to have been mistaken I own myself in error. Yet if I am mistaken, if is not the error of him who mistakes me? But it may be that I am right and that he is mistaken, though I suppose that I ought to take him aright and not mistake him. Nevertheless I often have to say in argument: "You were quite right. I was mistaken."

In a word, though he who mistakes must be in error, our common use of language considers him who is mistaken to be so.—Notes and Queries.

Equatorial Morocco.

Morocco, in spite of its close proximity to Europe, is the most fanatical of the Mohammedan countries. Christians are hated by the natives throughout the country and it is often very dangerous to go outside the town of Tangier. The business of Morocco is entirely in the hands of the Moorish Jews, who amass considerable wealth in the course of years. It is the ambition for a Christian to stay anywhere but in the seaside towns. At the capital, Morocco city, 150 the natives openly insult and beat slaves at the foreigners' gates as they call them, and go in parties armed in the streets and fires covered by guns.

The Good Red Grouse.

Besides his many other claims to distinction the "good red grouse" has one which is often forgotten. He is the one vertebrate creature peculiar to the British isles. All the rest of our fauna is duplicated elsewhere, and even his cousin, the black cock, has foreign relations, but the true grouse exists nowhere in the world except within the United Kingdom, and considering what a noble game bird he is, how hardy and plucky and how magnificent in his flight, the fact is really something to be proud of.—London Globe.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

CURES BACKACHE NERVOUSNESS HEADACHE AND FEMALE WEAKNESS

Why a Painter Smiles

The practical painter says, it makes him smile when a man insists on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. It always means another job from the man next door. Envy is just another name for human nature.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

is famous for its lasting qualities. Made from a scientific formula of the best materials, machine mixed in exact proportions, it is the only paint that resists the sun and weather. Never peels, cracks or chalks off, and guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

—putting of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WELL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the FISH, QUART or GALLON.

"Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground ground-nuts, buttered butter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takachewan, the modern bran-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 2½ hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastein, Hikahika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well, well men sick and dead men thankful. ~~Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?~~

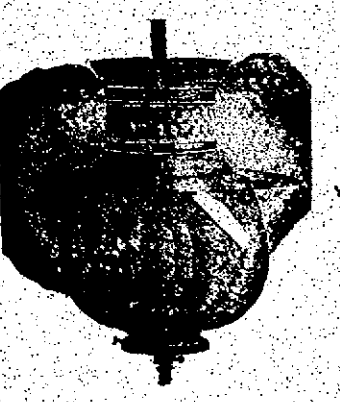
However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree. Drink "C. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no division from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOLTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
LEON CURTIS,
of Keating township.

The report that King Peter of Servia had been assassinated was circulated throughout the country on Friday and on Saturday the report was pronounced utterly unfounded.

Leon Curtis, who has been placed on the Republican ticket for jury commissioner, to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Walter Ostrander, is an able young man and no better selection could have been made.

Hon. John H. Clarke, Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, has challenged Senator Mark Hanna to joint debate on the questions at issue. After they have met and the votes are counted, Mr. Clarke will be sorry that he did.

At the very first onslaught of the Salvation Army in Jackson, Ky., six prominent feud warriors, two of whom were Jett and White witnesses, surrendered to religion and gave up their pistols. Is it about to be demonstrated that the tambourine is mightier than the gatling gun?

After a trial lasting eight days, the jury in the case of Curtis Jett, charged with the murder of Town Marshal Thomas Cockrell, at Jackson, Ky., July 21, 1902, Tuesday evening rendered a verdict of guilty and fixed the punishment at death. If the sentence is carried out it will be once, at least, that a murderer has received his just deserts in Kentucky.

A special meeting of the Republican county committee was held yesterday afternoon at the St. James hotel for the purpose of nominating a candidate for jury commissioner. Walter Ostrander, the present official, was renominated, at the recent county caucus but was compelled to withdraw from the ticket owing to a legal technicality prohibiting him from succeeding himself in that office. Leon Curtis of Farmers Valley was unanimously nominated for the position. Mr. Curtis, in a brief speech, thanked the committee for the honor bestowed upon him. Remarks, relative to the approaching election for judge and jury commissioner, were delivered by Hon. T. A. Morrison, Postmaster H. H. North, J. L. Andrews, R. B. Habgood, T. S. Clark, A. D. Gould and other members of the county committee. The meeting was largely attended and considerable interest was manifested in the proceedings, which aside from the nomination and speeches, were devoted almost entirely to routine business.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21, 1903.

There is some anxiety among timorous people in Washington because of the action of the American Federation of Labor taken in connection with the W. A. Miller case and the President's declared "open door" policy with regard to union and non union labor in the government service. The Central Labor Union of the District of Columbia has sent to every organization affiliated with the Federation a copy of resolutions requesting the President to dismiss Miller and retract his avowed policy with regard to union and non-union labor. It is seen that this is the first step in an organized opposition to President Roosevelt's nomination. There are, it is claimed, 2,500,000 members of the federated labor organizations and the results of an organized opposition, if it could throw this vote in block would doubtless prove formidable.

The idea that the President will for a moment consider the possibility of receding from the stand he has taken is not entertained by those who know him and who can view his actions, in so far as they relate to union labor, from a dispassionate standpoint. Mr. Roosevelt is firmly convinced that he is in the right in his "open door" declaration and it would appear that this fact should have appealed to the labor organizations. It is pointed out that in working for the government laborers are under no necessity of organizing to protect themselves or to secure shorter hours or larger wages, whatever may be the conditions that confront them when working for individuals or corporations. The government always deals liberally and is an easy task master. It is therefore obvious that the unions would be wiser to accept the dictum of the President rather than to antagonize him.

In the case of Miller it is stated on excellent authority that strong recommendations have gone to the President that he be dismissed, these recommendations being based on facts other than that he has been expelled from the bookbinders' union and that patience on the part of the unions would probably be rewarded with the discharge of their old enemy. In view of the action of the Central Labor Union, however, the discharge of Miller might now be ascribed to fear on the part of the President and there is nothing that would prove more repugnant to him than to be called upon to take action which might be so interpreted. It is claimed that already ten States have been heard from endorsing the resolutions of disapproval of the President's course.

Colonel Charles J. Bonaparte, to whom has been intrusted the investigation of the Indian Territory land scandals, has been in Washington and has discussed with Judge Ryan, acting Secretary of the Interior, the work he is about to undertake. When seen by your correspondent Colonel Bonaparte said that he had as yet formulated no plans and could not therefore discuss the coming investigation intelligently. He could plainly see, however that it would be necessary for him to spend some time in the territory notwithstanding the fact that he would call to his assistance several able Indian tenants in conducting the investigation. It is expected that Colonel Bonaparte will plead the cases in the prosecution growing out of the postoffice investigations and it seems likely that he will be an exceedingly busy man for the next few months.

The District of Columbia grand jury has returned three more indictments against persons believed to have defrauded the government through postal contracts. One of the persons indicted is George W. Beavers, former superintendent of the division of salaries and allowances, in fact there are believed to be two indictments against him, but the identity of the other person is concealed pending his arrest. A decision against the contention of Beavers' attorney by United States Commissioner Hitchcock in New York is the occasion of great satisfaction to those officials charged with prosecuting the postal cases. In effect this decision, which orders Beavers to return to the Brooklyn jurisdiction without an exhibition by the government of its entire case against him, nullifies the entire effect of his flight from Brooklyn when he heard of his indictment and, moreover, establishes a precedent whereby he can be brought to Washington on indictments obtained here. It will also supply in the cases of Maurice, Isaac S. McGiehan and George H. Huntington all of whom are in New York and all of whom have been indicted here. For the first time the close of the postoffice investigation is definitely predicted. It is stated that the present grand jury which goes out of existence October 1, will by that time have considered all the cases in hand and that after that date only the legal prosecutions will remain. It is further announced that Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow will complete and hand to the President his report on the investigation some time in October.

A remarkable record of effective target shooting with large guns has just been made by the crew of the Indiana, at a range of from 1,400 to 1,600 yards. With the 6-inch guns an average of 75 per cent of hits was made, while the rate of firing was unusually fast and the vessel from which the guns were fired was kept going at full speed. With the 8-inch guns a record score of 37.5 per cent of hits was made, the firing being at a rapid rate. The last four shots fired with the 8-inch guns all made a bulls-eye, notwithstanding the fact that the bulls-eye is only 50 inches square. When the gun pointer emerged from the turret he was seized by the men and despite his struggles to get away was carried up to the bridge where he was presented to the captain and all the officers and umpires shook hands with him.

The President will return to Washington on September 29 and the newspaper correspondents, at least, are rejoiced that for another long period Washington as a news center will not have to divide honors with Oyster Bay. With the return of the President members of Congress and politicians generally will flock to this city and affairs will assume their customary liveliness.

Denver and Return $42.00.

On account of Brotherhood of St. Andrew's meeting at Denver, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 3 and 4 special excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo or Colorado Springs, Colo., at rate $42.00, good returning to Oct. 20. A splendid opportunity to visit Colorado, good through train service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Chicago Excursion.

The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Sept. 26 and 28 Buffalo to Chicago and return at $12.00, good returning to Oct. 2nd. Local agents or R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

Subscribe for the MINER.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

Fall Opening Day

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
SEPT. 29, 30 and OCT. 1.

Our invitation to you to come to attend this exhibition of new styles is as strong and cordial as we can make it. Fall styles of Millinery, Tailored Suits, Coats and Skirts are now complete.

NEW FURS ARE READY.

New Dress Goods, Silks, Rugs and Carpets.

The Furniture Department deserves an equal share of your notice and so on through the store, every department putting forth an extra effort to display new goods on these show days.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

THE FAMOUS Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

MOTHERS

No matter how rough your boy is on his clothes

WE HAVE SUITS

and Shoes and Shirt Waists for just such youngsters.

You can get here the BEST suit for $5.00, and a real good one for $3.50.

50c for a Mother's Friend Shirt Waist, 50c.

They have detached belts to make washing easy, and riveted buttons so the boy can't tear 'em off.

$1.35 SCHOOL SHOE $1.35

If you would spend $2.00 for a pair you could positively get none better than these at $1.35.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Get Into Line

Shoes for Men,
Shoes for Ladies
Shoes for Children.

We have shoes for everybody and we guarantee to please in style and price. New goods are arriving daily. Call and look over our stock.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Some will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

We give Red Trading Stamps.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

in

Cloaks

Suits

Skirts and

Dress Fabrics.

Queen Quality Shoes.

Best $3.00 shoe in the world. We are sole agents in Smethport.

The Fall Fashions are shown here in surprising numbers and variety and we invite you all most cordially to see our display.

Among the fine **New Skirts for Autumn** are:

Covert Cloth	$5.00 to $8.00
Cheviots	$4.00 to $10.00
Broadcloth	$6.50 to $12.00
Scotch Tweeds	$4.98 to $8.50

Autumn Dress Goods

Including a number of imported novelties, as well as the leading designs from the best American manufacturers.

Opening Special

All Wool Zibeline, 49c a yard.

Standard Designer and Patterns for October just in.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SHOT GUNS

"Syracuse" Hammerless

"American" Double Barrel

"H & R" Single Barrel

Hunters' Supplies.

Leggins. All sizes.

Cartridge Vests. All sizes.

Gun Cases and Cartridge Belts

U. M. C. and Winchester Ammunition.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Grand autumn weather.

—The nutting season is here.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a change of ad in this issue.

—B. F. Wright is having the annex to the Wright House reshingled.

—A. W. Mitchell, who has been seriously ill in Parkersburg, W. Va., is reported much improved.

—Samuel Green, who has been employed at Bradford for several weeks, moved his family to that city to-day.

—"Big Pitch" Fuller will occupy the center of the diamond at Kane field for our team against Port Allegany to-morrow, Friday.

—The Clarion State Normal School has a splendid faculty and a fine equipment. Parents will make no mistake in sending their sons and daughters to this school.

—The Hammond Iron works, one of the largest industries in Warren, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday. The loss is $75,000 and 200 men are thrown out of employment.

—Will Hassett of Warren, who played with the Kane nine the beginning of the season, has signed with the Baltimore Eastern League team for the season of 1904.—Kane Republican.

—Dictators of fashion say that the Kangaroo walk, the Gibson shoulders and high heeled shoes must go. What a relief this will be to those who think they must follow the whims of fashion.

The Allen Villair Comedy Company will be at the Lyceum for three nights beginning Monday next. Nearby exchanges speak highly of this company and they should receive a liberal patronage.

—The Harvest Festival supper given by the Travelers' Club at the hose house last evening was a decided success. A most delicious meal was served to a large crowd of hungry attendants and a goodly sum was netted.

—The McKean-Potter League has proven too swift for the Elilied baseball fans and that club has been disbanded. The remaining games which they have on their schedule will be forfeited to the teams that they were to be played with.

—Mr. and Mrs. Simon Martin were the victims of a pleasant surprise party at their home in Keating township last Saturday evening; the occasion being Mrs. Martin's birthday. Refreshments were served after which the guests departed, all expressing themselves as having passed a most delightful evening.

—We noticed an amusing little thing on Main street Sunday. A little boy, perhaps four years old, walked up to a hydrant and after giving the chain a twist, said: "Hello central. Give me the hose house."

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield entertained a large party of friends at their home Tuesday evening. The evening was pleasantly spent playing "hearts" and other games. Delicious refreshments were served.

—Coudersport and Austin will play a game of baseball at Port Allegany Monday next for $250 a side. This is no "bluff" about the financial question. The money is up in good "long green" and the contest will be a hot one.

—Calvin Cowles of Bradford will be tried for shooting his wife on July 12, 1902, at Instanter. This case will come up at Ridgway Oct 12. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cowles recovered and did not wish to prosecute her husband.

—Mary Shofesthal, one of the inmates of the Palace, a house of ill repute at Johnsonburg, committed suicide by shooting herself with a revolver on Tuesday of last week. This or a worse fate is the usual termination of a life of this kind.

—Just at going to press we learn that Perry Daily of Front Run, a man 40 or 45 years of age, met a fearful death to-day. He was working in the Williams camp when a tree fell upon him, completely severing his head.—Galeton Leader-Dispatch.

—The Bradford Athletic Club football team was defeated by the Jefford Hose eleven of Jamestown at Celoron Saturday afternoon by a score of 11 to 6. The superior weight and strength of the Chautauqua city players proved the undoing of the visitors.

—James McMahon, aged 22 years, a brakeman on the B., R. & P., whose home is in Carrolton, had his right arm amputated at the shoulder joint last Saturday at the Bradford hospital. He was thrown from the cars near Carrolton and that member was crushed by the wheels.

—Rev. Elmer E. Helms, D. D., pastor of the Linwood Avenue church, Buffalo, will preach in the M. E. church of this borough next Sunday morning and evening. The evening sermon will be to men on "The Man That Lost His Money." Dr. Helms' many friends will be glad of this opportunity to hear him again.

—An unlicensed saloon at Nashville, Ill., was blown up with dynamite last week and many other buildings were badly damaged. For a long time the owner of the saloon has conducted the business notwithstanding the efforts of the temperance people to break it up. It is generally supposed that the dynamiting was the last card of the temperance people.

—An Olean special dated Sept. 17, says: Frank May, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was killed this afternoon. He was last seen running alongside of a string of cars on which he was working. It is supposed he stumbled and fell. Three cars passed over him.

—Otto Melander, a well known resident of Mt. Jewett, died at an early hour Monday morning at his home after a brief illness with stomach trouble. The deceased was aged 35 years and is survived by his widow and three children. The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Olsen officiating.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject at the morning service will be "The Reformation Under Samuel." There will be a selection of anthems at the evening service. On Tuesday, Sept. 29th, St. Michael and All Angels' Day, there will be service at 10:30 a. m.

—An order just issued by Postmaster General Payne requires railway postal clerks to keep constantly on hand a supply of one and two cent stamps for the accommodation of the public at the car. Such stamps must not be sold at any more than their face value. This order will prove a great convenience to persons who mail letters on the trains.

—Frank Dickison, aged about 24 years, died at the home of his father in Norwich township Tuesday morning, the cause of his death being heart trouble. The deceased is survived by his father, W. C. Dickison, one sister, Mrs. Bertha Riffe, and two brothers, Edward and Delos. He was a member of the K. O. T. M. and L. O. R. M. of Crosby and was a young man who was most highly esteemed by all who knew him.

—Wagons cannot run without wheels, boats without water, bullfrogs without legs, or papers carried on everlastingly without money, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good, but what good does a man's goodness do when it don't do any good? We have no doubt that everyone thinks that all pay except him, and as we are clever and his account a small matter it makes no difference.

—Arthur Slater, a former Smethport young man, met his death in a peculiar manner last Saturday. He went into the depot at Olean, sat down in a seat and soon fell asleep. When someone attempted to arouse him it was found that he was dead. A post mortem examination showed that he had been choked to death. He wore a high, tight collar and when his head fell forward it shut off his windpipe sufficiently to cause death.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford is gaining rapidly in numbers. His school is thoroughly reliable and his students are very successful because he understands the art of teaching, having had some twenty-two years' experience. He is also a graduate of the far-famed school, "The Spencerian Business College" of Cleveland, Ohio. We would advise those wishing to take a course in either commercial or shorthand to see Prof. Warner or send for a circular.

—Eugene McCarthy, a freight conductor on the P. R. R., and a former Smethport boy, was quite severely injured last Thursday evening. A train on the Keating Summit hill ran away and the caboose which Mr. McCarthy was in left the track and rushed down the steep hill. He was badly bruised about the head and body, but as no bones were broken his condition is not considered dangerous. He was taken to his home in Buffalo and is improving rapidly. It was reported that others were injured but this report has not been verified.

—Smethport will be at home on the following dates: Friday, Sept. 25, with Port Allegany—Will Fuller, Smethport's star twirler, will officiate in this game and the largest crowd of the season is expected; Tuesday, Sept. 29, with Coudersport, the Potter county champions; Wednesday, Sept. 30, with Austin, the last home League game of the season. Games called at 3 o'clock each day, affording out of town people ample time to get trains for all points. These games have been secured at large expense and the management merits the support of the public. All lovers of the national game should appreciate this fact and turn out in increased numbers to the games.

—This is the time of year when a stroll in the woods is most delightful. The grandeur of the foliage is beyond a description of any word of the landscape painter. We lament the loss of our large forests in Pennsylvania but the children of the forest (second growth) are now bedecked in their most gorgeous robes to brighten our thoughts and to bring forgetfulness of our sorrows for the loss of their forefathers. Hickory nuts, butternuts, chestnuts and beechnuts are unusually plentiful this fall and the small and large boys and girls, as well as the squirrels and other little animals, are busy in the harvesting. There is no place in the world more beautiful than the remaining forests of Pennsylvania during a pleasant season of autumn.

G. W. Hatch.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin is visiting in town.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy is visiting Buffalo friends this week.

Miss Katheryn Felton returned to Buffalo on Monday.

W. T. Segar of New York city is visiting friends in town.

Robert King returned home Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

Rick Donovan of Kane was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. M. L. Church of Titusville is visiting friends in this place.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a business visitor in town Monday.

Miss Bessie Blake of Eldred is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Guy B. Mayo and Allen Park had business in Bradford Monday.

Orlo J. Hamlin left Saturday for a visit to Syracuse and Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown of Hazelhurst were visitors in town Tuesday.

T. J. Fennerty of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Floyd Harris of New York city is a guest at the Lindholm residence this week.

"Col." John Swan was renewing old acquaintances in town Monday and Tuesday.

Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

H. L. Wilson of Glassboro, N. J., was the guest of friends in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mrs. Jeremiah McCarty is in Buffalo this week, called there by the injury to her son, Eugene.

Rev. E. E. Helms, D. D., wife and son, Paul, are guests of Smethport friends this week.

A. A. Stevens of Kushequa was in attendance at the Democratic county convention on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Palmer of Friendship were here to see their son, W. S. Palmer, during the past week.

F. H. Mayo and wife of Washington, Pa., are the guests of E. R. Mayo and family. Mr. and Mrs. Mayo are on their honeymoon trip.

G. W. Mitchell left Tuesday evening for Parkersburg, W. Va., to visit his son, A. W. Mitchell, who is suffering from a mild form of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lyman of Buffalo are visiting friends in Clermont. Mr. Lyman, who was at one time an employe in this office, was a pleasant caller Thursday afternoon.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 12, 1903:

Miss Louisa Cochrane, O. A. Carlson, F. M. Cosgrove, James Holland.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallue,
Postmaster.

Special Colonist Tickets.

Daily now until Nov. 30th the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special one-way colonists' tickets Buffalo to California and Pacific coast points at rate of $42.50 and at less rates to points in Utah, Montana and Idaho. Splendid tri weekly tourist car service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Autumn Excursions

The Nickel Plate Rd. will continue the sale of their special excursion tickets to the principal tourist resorts of the west until Sept. 30, good returning to Oct. 31, at exceedingly low rates. See local agents or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Fresh Baltimore oysters. They are the finest in the market and the prices are reasonable. N. M. Harrington of the Model restaurant will serve them in any style or furnish them in bulk.

WANTED—To sell some pillows and bolsters. They have been stored some time and will be sold very cheap. Enquire at Mrs. A. B. Armstrong's Thursday, October first.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

Last week for discounts at store of D. C. Young. Trading stamps will be given in place of discounts.

Get your oysters at Harrington's Restaurant. They are the best.

Success!

A Commercial or Shorthand Course means success. The success of our graduates the past 21 years is position proof. Students begin any time; individual instruction.

Send for booklets and rates. No agents.

WESTBROOK'S ACADEMY,
Olean, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

Autumn Dress Goods and Dress Accessories.

Our Dress Goods section with its wealth of new fall suitings and silks claims your attention this week. In point of colorings fashion has chosen as favorites browns, greens and blues in the order named. Black of course will be as much in evidence as ever. For the smart tailored suit mannish mixtures of Zibelines and Scotch Cheviots will be the leading clothes. In silks, Taffetas easily hold the first position with peaux next in order.

We will count it a privilege to show you through our line and feel sure you will consider the time well spent.

Just a few hints:

42 in. Novelty Suitings, blues and grays. Per yd.	50c	44 in. Knotted Crepe, black only. Per yd.	1.00
46 in. Etamines, blacks, browns, blues and reds. Per yd.	75c	58 in. Scotch Suitings, browns, greens, blues & greys. Per yd.	1.50
58 in. Zibeline, black only. Per yd.	$1.00	36 in. Black Taffeta, all silk. Per yd.	1.00

LEST YOU FORGET
WE SAY
HEATING STOVES.

A Trade Mark is of value when it represents Established Reliability.

THIS DOES

It may be a little early to talk Heating Stoves, but a good stove is a good subject to talk about.

Call and let us talk to you about it.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

BIG BARGAINS.

Offered for a few weeks to reduce stock and make room for fall goods. Another object is to raise money and the low prices must do it.

Diamonds and Watches

have never been sold at such prices and you make a mistake if you miss this opportunity.

Solid Silver and Jewelry.

Besides all other lines are included in the cut prices. No old stock all new and up-to-date.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT. PENN'A.

A MUSICAL COMEDY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

The night was still and sultry, hinting of rain. In the east a low moon swung blood red above the hills. Its rays crimsoned a path across the sluggish and silent waters of the Black river.

Upon a slight rise some distance from its western bank Colonel Prentice of the Ninth Mississippi, C. S. A., gazed longingly at the dim, misty lights of Tuscumbora far back upon the opposite shore. The body of the young man was neatly incased in a new gray uniform, and the soul of the colonel was with the Confederate cause, but the heart of him was within the Union lines, and he was sore distraught, for the Federal troops held Tuscaloosa, and Tuscaloosa held many northern officers and the person of Miss Betty Taylor, and, further, Miss Betty held the affections of Colonel Prentice.

Now, Randolph Prentice had fought the oppressors and bested them and had been defeated by them. He hated them, right heartily as abolitionists, and he admired them beyond expression as gallant foes. Therefore he mis-

"AH AD-DOOH—MUSIC," HE DRAWLED.

trusted their abilities in the way of lovemaking. A man who fights generously and chivalrously is not, as a rule, excessively bashful or unduly tongue-tied in the presence of ladies.

Presently the colonel stamped his booted foot and swore beneath his breath. The quiet air carried sound far and clear, and to his ears there came faint strains of music, the hum of a guitar and an enormous baritone raised in song. Then the colonel retired within the grove of trees to reappear shortly with two of his men. They cautiously embarked in a small flatboat which had been concealed by a clump of undergrowth. The waning moon had retreated behind a cloud bank.

* * * * * * *

In the parlor of the Taylor mansion the lights were low, ever candles were dear in the south toward the close of the war, but their dim rays could not conceal the beauty of the girls who sat before the open windows. Clearly they were sisters, one was dark and petite, otherwise of tall figure. Miss Taylor, while the elder, was of different type and serious. Both were well fitted for a soldier's wife to look upon.

To the outside a voice from the night without. Dick Amyas, captain of the Ninety-sixth Ohio, and Lieutenant Henry were of a mind, that night more than the present was auspicious for the wooing of a maid or two. The guitar buzzed resonantly under the deft fingers of the captain and their commingled voices warbled a melting serenade. Simultaneously the four eyes of them were steadfastly observant of the vine twined parlor casement. They were expectant of an invitation to enter. This was not their first duet beneath the window. Indeed, it is to be suspected that Miss Alice was in no way averse to the conquest of the north bloodlessly and by units.

Three gray shadows stole up behind the two. Colonel Prentice held up a warning hand and paused, listening with hardly ravished ears to the concluding bars of "The Blue Juniata." He nodded in appreciation of an excellent rendering, but when the song came to an end and a pleased murmur floated through the casement the heart of the Confederate was hardened.

"Gentlemen—hm!" he observed softly. "Could Ah pehsuade yeh to repeat the effoht?"

The gentlemen with one accord checked and gazed with interest into the muzzles of a couple of navy revolvers. Prentice recognized Captain Amyas.

"Ah ad-dooh—music," he drawled.

"Prentice!"

"Yo' humble servant, suh!"

"How many men have you, confound you?"

"Several, gentlemen—a sufficient number. Ah repeat, can I pehsuade yeh?"

"You can't" replied Lieutenant Henry promptly. They obliged con amore.

"Very fair," commented the colonel when they had finished. "And once moah, if yeh please."

"Randolph, I'll be even with you for this!" Amyas threatened hotly.

"Oh, sing something else if yeh prefer," indifferently.

They sang.

At the window there had been a breathless surprise at the repetition of the song. Now, surmising that something was amiss, Miss Betty stepped out upon the veranda. She shaded her eyes, peering down upon the group.

"Randolph Prentice!" she cried. "Is it truly you?"

"Yes, Miss Taylor," he made answer humbly.

"What do you mean by this?"

His eyes shone, twinkling. "Ah ad-dooh—music."

"But you have no right!"

"Does it offend yeh, ma'am? Ah'm so thoughtless. Shall Ah make 'em stop?"

"But—but what do you propose to do with them?"

"Hang 'em, Miss Taylor. Gentlemen, please don't sing so fah off the key. But don't stop. Sing something moah sentimental." He beckoned to his men. "Ah'm going in," he announced. "See that the gentlemen continue to—ah—sing. If they stop or try to escape—well, discourage 'em."

It was Miss Alice Taylor who greeted him at the door—and deserted him basely on the threshold of the parlor. The colonel paused, awkwardly fingering his cap, his supreme assurance quite gone. He hardly dared to lift his eyes to Betty, but when he summoned up the courage he saw her shoulders shaking. Without, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower" was in spirited execution. The colonel grew more bold, advancing fully three paces.

"Now, sir," cried Miss Betty, facing him suddenly, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Ve'y little, Ah'm afraid, Miss Betty. Ah—Ah was hoping yeh'd consent to be mah excuse."

"And for what, sir?"

"Foh mah dahing"—

"Your daring!"

"To approach yeh," he added hastily. "You've no excuse for risking your life, sir. The south needs you."

"Yes, ma'am." He twisted his cap helplessly. He felt anything at all but bold, and words choked in his throat most inaccountably. "But Ah—Miss Betty, Ah need yeh moah in the south needs me." He was utterly abashed by his temerity. He could say no more, but his eyes spoke for him.

"Betty!"

"Randolph Prentice!"

"Could you, Betty?"

"Could I what, Colonel Prentice?"

"Forgive me?"

"Ran—Randolph, there is nothing to forgive." Her eyes were downcast. The long lashes trembled moist upon her cheek.

A long quarter of an hour passed. Colonel Prentice reappeared upon the veranda.

"Cease firing, gentlemen," he said gayly. "Ah'm infinitely obliged to yeh."

"Hang you, Prentice! I call this very unhandsome of you!"

"The end"—firmly—"justifies the means, gentlemen. Now, will yeh promise to make no disturbance while we are within the lines? Ah don't want to gag yeh."

"We promise," said Amyas sullenly. "We are your prisoners."

"Then thank yeh and good night." He leaped lightly to the ground and, calling to his men, started away.

"But, Prentice!" cried Amyas, amazed.

"Yeh promised to make no noise," he warned them.

"But"—

"Ah'm taking no prisoners tonight, gentlemen, leastways no mahh than one. Will yeh congratulate me upon winning the hand of the sweetest girl in the land?"

"Why, I—I—" Amyas gasped, half in breath.

"Then, gentlemen, I must leave yeh to your own devices. Ah'm hoping Ah shall see you later—good night."

A Story of Governor Washburn.

Governor Washburn was a thorough gentleman through and through, courteous, well bred and with an entirely sufficient sense of his own dignity. But he had little respect for any pretensions of gentility and had a habit of going straight at any difficulty himself. To this habit he owed much of his success in life. A very amusing story was told by Mrs. Washburn long after her husband's death.

Her story was that one time when Judge Washburn was governor the members of his staff came to Worcester on some public occasion and were all invited to his house to spend the night. When he got up in the morning he found to his consternation that the man who was in the habit of doing such services at his house was sick or for some other reason had failed to put in an appearance and none of the boots of the young gentlemen was blacked. The governor was master of the situation. He descended to his cellar, took off his coat, blacked all the boots of the youngsters himself and met them at breakfast with his usual pleasant courtesy as if nothing had happened.—Senator Hoar in Scribner's.

Hopi Songs.

The Hopi songs for different purposes are different in character. They are all definite in form, with forceful graceful or poetic words. The Katcina dance songs consist of an introduction on vowel syllables, then the song itself, also interspersed with vowel refrains, and lastly a sort of coda, again on vowel syllables. And the Hopis sing. Theirs is no crooning over a capp fire, no monotonous chanting, no nasal droning. The men have fine, clear voices and the women sing softly with a "breathy" tone, the quality of which sounds often just a little sharp in pitch. The gentle lullabies, the pretty, graceful basket songs of the women and the melodies to which they grind their corn are as different from the rugged, rhythmic Katcina songs as are the cliffs of the mesa from the blossoms in the fields below.—Natalie Curtis in Harper's.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

KINGBIRD AND ORIOLE.

The Difference in the Birds Shown by Their Nest Building.

The difference in the nature of the kingbird and oriole is strikingly exhibited in the style of their nests. The kingbird hasn't a particle of imagination, not an atom of the artistic. His shape, dress and voice declare it. He is hard headed, straightforward and serious, somewhat overbearing, perhaps, and testy, but businesslike and refined in all his tastes. His nest is himself over again—strong, plain, adequate, but, like its builder, refined. Contrast the oriole's. Romance, poetry and that indescribable touch—the light, easy, negligent touch of the artist—is every line of it! Why, the thing was actually woven of new mown hay—as if one should build his house of sandalwood—with all the scent of the hay field about it. I put my nose near and took a deep, delicious breath. The birds had selected and cut the grass themselves and worked it in while green. Some of it was still uncured, still soft and sweet with sap. One side, exposed to the sun through a leaf rift, had gone a golden yellow, but the other side, deeply shaded the day through, was yet green and making more slowly under the leaves. And this nest was woven, not built up like the kingbird's; it was hung, not saddled upon the limb, suspended from the slenderest of forks so that every little breeze would rock it. And so loosely woven, so deftly, slightly tied!—National Magazine.

Women on the Stage.

An attempt was made at Blackfriars theater in 1629 to introduce French women on the stage, but without success, and the appearance of Mrs. Coleman in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in 1656 was of a private character.

On Dec. 8, 1660, an actress, whose name is not certainly known, took the part of Desdemona at Killigrew's theatre in Vere street, when a "prologue to introduce the first woman" was written by Jordan.

Letters patent were granted by Charles II., dated Jan. 15, 1662, to Sir William Davenant, and these recited that whereas women's parts had formerly been taken by men, to remedy this abuse it was now "permitted and leave given" that all women's parts then, and for the time to come, should be performed by women.

In Pepys' Diary, under date of Jan. 3, 1660, we find the record, "To the theater, where was acted 'Beggars' Bush;' it being well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."—London Standard.

Blinking Eyes.

If you find yourself blinking your eyes rapidly without any cause stop the habit at once or it will grow into an incurable habit that will make your eyesight fail early in life. Natural blinking is necessary to clear and moisten the eye. The average number of natural blinks is about twenty per minute. But a nervous blinker will wink 100 times in a minute. The result of this will be an excessive development of the eyelid muscles. It also involves a counter irritation, which acts on the optic nerve and renders the sight daily more weak and liable. Once contract this habit and you will find you cannot bear a strong light or gold small type, and the eyes will get worse and worse. The symptoms may point to a need of spectacles.

How Long Mosquitoes Live.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is generally supposed. Thousands of them hibernate in winter, like flies, in cellars. In sparsely settled districts, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees, in caves and in the higher upturned trees, and even though the temperature may fall far below freezing they are not winter killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.—William Lyman Underwood in Popular Science Monthly.

Turned the Tables.

An Irishman was called on to give evidence in a shooting affray. "Did you see the shot fired?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied the witness, "but I heard it."

Magistrate (sharply)—That is not satisfactory. Go down.

As the Irishman turned his back he commenced to laugh, but was rebuked by the magistrate, who added that it was contempt of court.

Pat—Did you see me laugh?

Magistrate—No. I heard you.

Pat—That's not satisfactory.

—And the court laughed.

Savage Revenge of a Gypsy Band.

A young Hungarian gypsy who had betrayed his party to the authorities after a robbery begged the magistrates at Magyar Egres for protection, as his companions threatened to kill him. The man was given shelter, but the room was found empty on the following day.

Eventually his body was discovered in a field. The eyes had been burned out, the tongue excised and the man hanged by the feet on two acacia trees. The body had been cloven in two.

Well Connected.

Visitor—I hear I must congratulate you on the engagement of your son. What an extremely nice looking girl she is!

Mrs. Nolonger Brown—Yes, and so well connected too. In fact, I've been told that her ancestors were relations of the Spanish armada.

Speaking of imitation jewelry, a diamond on the finger is worth a paste in the ear.—Philadelphia Record.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

Wordsworth's Secret.

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it remains a secret, a something as far beyond human subtlety to explain as it is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "Genius," "inspiration"—it is banal to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nay, it is precisely because they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is apt to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isaiah; but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."—Bradford Torrey in Atlantic.

Phil May and His Models.

Many of the figures in Phil May's book "Guttersnipes" were sketched from memory while staying up the river.

"One day," he said, when speaking on the subject, "I saw a delightful little model for my purpose, a dirty, ragged bit of girl humanity. I spoke to her and wrote a message on my card for her to give to her mother. Next morning she came in charge of an older sister, as tattered and unkempt as herself. When I had made my sketches of the two of them I asked the elder one if she had any more sisters like herself. 'Oh, yes, four or five, worse than I am.' 'Bring them round,' said I. 'Is the little un to come again?' she asked. 'No. I've done with her.' The next day they came, the little un included. She had persisted in it, for she said: 'He's my artist. I found him first.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Singing Cattle to Sleep.

A curious instance of the power of music comes from the western ranches, where the cowboys have learned that they can sing cattle to sleep. At "bedding time" a rider will ride to the front of a herd, stop it, and then he will ride rapidly around and around it till the cattle are herded close together. He usually sings or whistles while he is doing this, and presently one of the herd lies down, to be followed in quick succession by the others, till in ten minutes a herd of 500 may be all down. The cowboy now rides slowly around them, stopping occasionally if he desires to, and whistling or singing, as he likes. But should the herd get up or become excited in the night he rides around rapidly and sings until they are quiet.—New York Tribune.

Seeing With One Eye.

A great many, perhaps the majority, of otherwise well informed people believe that they see the same with one eye as with both eyes. That this is not the case one can easily convince himself by the following simple experiment: Cover one of the eyes with a hand or a bandage and let the experimenter attempt to snuff out a candle suddenly placed within a few feet of him. He will almost invariably miss the flame, either overreaching, underreaching or putting the fingers too far to the right or left of the flame. With both eyes normal and open the accomplishment is instantaneous.

Washing a Sweater.

Sometimes a sweater will get soiled and need washing, and it is then a difficult matter to get it clean. Often it is the size which will be ruined if attempted to be washed in the ordinary way. In the latter case, procure some thick boards just the length that you would have the sleeves. Dip the sleeves into boiling water, push a board into each so as to stretch it transversely, then dry in the hot sun. When dry, dip again in boiling water, this time slightly salted, and dry again in the sun on the boards.

The Skeleton at Large.

"Do you know," she said, "the Browns have a skeleton in the closet?"

"Oh, no," he replied carelessly.

"But I'm sure of it," she insisted.

"And I'm just as sure you're wrong," he returned. "The comments I've heard are enough to prove that that skeleton of theirs isn't in the closet at all; it's wandering all over the neighborhood."—Chicago Post.

The "Grain of Truth."

"Pa, what's a grain of truth?"

"It is generally the thing that keeps all the women in the neighborhood saying: 'Well, I declare!' 'I never would have thought it!' 'You don't say!' 'I never did believe she was as innocent as she tried to make out!' and 'I feel so sorry for her children!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Social Side.

Mrs. Waldo-Cecil—He has a barrel of money.

Edith Waldo-Cecil—But is he all right socially?

Mrs. Waldo-Cecil—Oh, yes; he hasn't the least idea how he got it.—Puck.

Piling It On.

Dedude—That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?

Old Blunt—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

As Others Knew Her.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said.

"Natural?", the woman impatiently replied. "There's nothing natural about her but the framework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—F. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broadley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Loomer, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. B. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ogan.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. E. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FENCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerps Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K.
H. L. WELLS, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 334, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. MOLLIE E. HUNTER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 27, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 78, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ANAMETTA MAYNES, W. M.
MRS. L. P. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adelphon degree 7th Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 4th Monday.

J. E. MYERS, C. of R.
[illegible], K. of R. & S.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord P. Bateman, Pb. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 12:00 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont—

Train 122, week days..... 11:03 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days; 10:38 a. m. Sundays. Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 74, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (1:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

MONTH	Weekdays. STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.	Lv.	Ar. P. M.
9 05	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	10 56
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday, for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

10:35 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Saturday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

10:35 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 10:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. G. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 20. Passenger Train Schedule, Effective May 31, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	5:40	8:10	Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar.	8:00	12:30	
3:07	5:30	8:03	Pt. Pleasant	7:53	11:48	7:00
3:00	5:20	7:55	Hazelhurst	7:38	11:45	4:21
2:51	5:10	7:46	Marvindale	7:29	11:38	4:14
2:47	5:06	7:42	Kinsson	7:25	11:34	4:10
2:39	4:57	7:34	Cowley	7:17	11:26	4:02
2:31	4:50	7:25	Smethport	7:09	11:19	3:55
				P.m.	A.m.	P.m.
3:54	7:20	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:19	3:55
4:06	7:37	9:26	Mott's	7:09	11:08	3:44
4:10	7:42	9:31	Farnums Valley	7:05	11:03	3:39
4:14	7:45	9:34	Coopers	7:02	11:00	3:36
4:20	7:50	9:40	Larabees	6:56	10:54	3:30

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARINEY, General Supt. C. S. BENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Condensed Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1903.

Ar. Coudersport A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Lv.	Ar. Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:55	2:10	Coudersport	7:20	2:05	9:10
7:50	7:40	2:10	Gilbert	7:27	2:20	9:18
7:40	7:30	1:57	Carpenter	7:37	2:34	9:27
7:34	7:24	1:51	Tyrone	7:42	2:37	9:30
7:27	7:17	1:47	Newfield Junc.	7:47	2:42	9:33
7:20	7:10	1:40	Newfield	7:54	2:49	9:40
7:05	6:59	1:25	Ellisburg	8:04	2:59	9:50
7:00	6:49	1:15	Raymond	8:09	3:05	9:55
6:55	6:44	1:10	Seven Bridges	8:14	3:10	10:00
6:40	6:27	12:50	Colesburg	8:32	3:29	10:19
6:35	6:20	12:45	Prouts	8:37	3:37	10:25
6:15	6	12:25	N. Coudersport	8	3:56	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar. 8:42	3:40	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4:20	7:05	12:45	Ar.	Dp. 8:58	6:00	1:20
4	0	12:41	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:50	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar.	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

6—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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A NEW IDEA

And the Interesting Story of Its Development

PROBABLY there are not a hundred persons in the United States who are familiar with the interesting history of the development of the system which has come to be designated as the "Battle Creek Idea," though no longer represented in Battle Creek alone, branches having sprung up in many places, while a knowledge of the principles of this remarkable system has become quite widely diffused throughout the civilized world.

The "Battle Creek Idea" is not a fad nor a mushroom growth. It is a scientific system which traces the main roots of its origin far back into the centuries. It is not the product of a single brain, but of hundreds and thousands of tireless workers and thinkers who have gathered the choicest fruits of generations of experience and have collated the results of centuries of scientific research.

A column might be filled with the interesting story of the development of this wonderful work which has recently been made conspicuous by the *burning* of the main buildings of the Battle Creek Sanitarium last year and the recent dedication of the magnificent new building which has been erected to take the place of the burned structures, but we have room only for a few choice bits of this interesting history.

The "Battle Creek Idea" in Ancient Greece.

Twenty-four centuries ago there lived in Greece a man whose massive mind recognized great truths and formulated mighty principles, the influence of which has grown with the lapse of time until *today* their importance is universally recognized. This man, Pythagoras, numbered among his disciples such men of genius as Socrates and Plato. It was he who first conceived the idea of the rotundity of the earth and of its revolution about the sun.

The First Health Community.

Pythagoras, this greatest of Grecian philosophers, established a health colony which he called Crotona. There he gathered about him hundreds of disciples to whom he taught the simple rules of life which he himself followed. These comprised abstinence from all unwholesome foods, especially meats, for Pythagoras considered the slaughter of animals as sacrilege. There were no slaughter houses or butcher shops in Crotona. No roasts, sparerib, beefsteaks or corpses of any kind ever appeared upon the table of a Pythagorian. Temperance in all things, an active, out of door life, simple dress, purity and uprightness in conduct were strictly enjoined by this prophet of a new truth, for the decadence of Greece had already begun. Unfortunately the doctrines of Pythagoras were little appreciated. The members of his health colony were massacred by their ignorant and degenerate countrymen, but his noble philosophy survived.

Plutarch, the famous biographer; Seneca, the noble old Roman; the Latin poet Ovid and many of the early church fathers accepted and actively promulgated the teachings of Pythagoras, as many moderns have done. Byron, during the better portions of his life and when doing the literary work which made him famous, strictly followed "the simple life" in diet and other respects. In writing to his publisher he once remarked, "I stick to Pythagoras." Shelley, Goldsmith and other famous English poets also accepted the teachings of Pythagoras, which are at the present time taught and practiced in the strictest manner by the famous Russian writer and reformer, Count Leo Tolstoi.

"The Brook Farm Experiment."

Half a century ago there gathered on a little farm not far from New Haven, Conn., the most remarkable coterie of men and women who have ever been associated in any community in modern times. George Ripley, the most famous Unitarian minister of New England at that period, was the founder of the community. The practical realization of the Pythagorian philosophy was the central idea of the Brook Farm experiment. Among the 140 members of the community, most of whom afterward became eminent in various professions and callings, were Emerson, the philosopher; Bronson Alcott, the transcendentalist; Thoreau, the interpreter of nature; Margaret Fuller, the educational reformer; Charles Dana, the founder of the New York Sun, and Hawthorne, one of the greatest literary lights of the century. The Brook Farm experiment failed for lack of financial management, but the ideals survived.

The Wonderful Discovery of a Silesian Peasant.

A little less than 100 years ago a fourteen-year-old peasant boy, who was barely able to read and had not been taught to write, while engaged in cutting wood on a mountain near his home, observed a wounded deer limping its injured leg in one of the numerous springs which gushed in that particular region. Day after day the deer came and bathed the damaged part until entirely healed of its injury. Priessnitz soon after suffered a severe accident from which the physicians who were consulted declared he could not recover. He tried the deer's remedy, applying water by means of wet cloths placed over the injured parts, and in a few weeks was quite restored to health. He induced others to try his remedy and invented many different applications, the Swedish system of gymnastics for both the sick and well and various means for the application of light and for the employment of all known natural curative agents.

Later, a cough laboratories were added for studying cases of disease and conducting original researches for the purpose of perfecting methods and developing improvements in the field and all that pertains to the preservation of health and the cure of disease.

Dedication of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

A Mecca For the Sick.

Gradually, as a result of these observations and researches, an elaborate and carefully perfected system, based upon sound scientific principles, was developed and became widely known as the "Battle Creek Method" or the "Battle Creek Idea." Battle Creek thus became a Mecca for health seekers, who thronged the place in increasing numbers summer and winter until the number of visitors reached an aggregate of more than 50,000, with an annual total of 6,000 or 7,000.

A Disastrous Fire.

Then came the fire of Feb. 18, 1902, which destroyed the two main buildings of the institution and started a wave of sympathy which spread throughout the whole civilized world. The work was not extinguished by the fire, however, and the completion of a better building at an expense of about $500,000 marked a new era in medical progress, presenting to the world what may be justly regarded as a model sanitarium structure. Here for the first time were gathered together in one place and under one management appliances for the application of all known rational and natural curative agencies, the final perfection of which is now embodied in the great new structure which was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the 31st day of May of the present year in the presence of many thousand of persons. A formal invitation was sent by the governor of the state acting with other prominent state officials to all leading state and national officials in the United States. Letters and telegrams expressing congratulation and regret at inability to attend were received from the president of the United States, two members of his cabinet, many governors of states, senators and members of congress and other officials in all parts of the country.

A Magnificent Temple of Health.

Some idea of the splendid institution which was thus joyfully set apart to the service of God and humanity may be gained from the following brief description: The building is over 550 feet, or more than a tenth of a mile, in length and seven stories in height, including the basement. There are three large four story buildings connected with the main building by a circular corridor. The length of those added to that of the main part makes the aggregate length of the building nearly a quarter of a mile. The building is thoroughly fireproof, the construction being of brick, stone, iron and concrete. The floors are of artificial stone covered with marble mosaic. The total floor space is over seven acres. There are five elevators. The arrangements for baths are most elaborate, as also applications of electricity, light, heat and all physiological or natural methods in addition to ordinary medical and surgical means.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium is well known and recognized by the medical profession everywhere throughout the civilized world. "The Battle Creek Idea" and the Battle Creek institution have always been kept free from fads and quackish or empirical methods. The work of the institution is thoroughly scientific. It is strictly unsectarian and undenominational being simply a liberal Christian enterprise. All the doctors, nurses and managers connected with the institution are persons who have devoted their lives to missionary and philanthropic work and who are full of enthusiasm for the promotion of the principles of simple, natural living and the employment of natural methods in the cure of disease as well as in the maintenance of health.

City Medical Missions.

The great training school for missionary nurses sends out each year a little army of trained men and women filled with zeal and enthusiasm to preach the doctrine of simple, natural living and to act the part of Good Samaritans wherever there is found any one in need of the skilled service which they are prepared to render to rich and poor.

Medical Missions have been established in Chicago and in various other cities in different parts of the world.

Branch establishments, conducted by physicians and nurses trained at the central institution, are located in many parts of the United States and in foreign countries. Numerous unauthorized and unreliable concerns professing to represent the same methods and ideas have sprung up in the vicinity of Battle Creek and elsewhere, as happens to every successful and meritorious enterprise. The authorized branches are located at the following places in the United States:

St. Helena, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, Cal.; Boulder and Colorado Springs, Colo.; College View, Lincoln, Neb.; Melrose, Boston, Mass.; Portland, Ore.; Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, Wash.; Des Moines, Ia.; Chicago and Moline, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Madison, Wis.; Grayesville and Nashville, Tenn.; Atlanta, Ga.; Detroit, Jackson and Grand Rapids, Mich.; Keene, Tex.

Institutions in which the "Battle Creek Idea" is represented are located as follows in foreign countries:

Caterham, England; Basle, Switzerland; Skodsborg and Frederikshavn, Denmark; Christiania and Oredo, Sweden; Friedensau, Germany; Guadalajara, Mexico; Bergen, Norway; Calcutta, India; Sydney and Cooranbong, N. S. W., Australia; Christchurch, N. Z.; Kimberley, S. Af.; Cairo, Egypt; Jaffa and Jerusalem, Palestine.

TWO SLICK MEN

By DAVID FLEMING.

Copyright, 1902, by P. C. MacRae.

Hundreds of people knew Charlie Davids as a clubman having bachelor rooms and living in fair style. Not one man, however, could more than guess the source from whence his income was derived. He had been a captain in her majesty's service, but had been obliged to resign for lack of funds to go the pace. There were hints about a rich aunt at home, a richer uncle in Australia, some sort of an investment in the United States, but no one had any certain information.

Davids was a gentleman, and there was no doubt that he stood well with most mothers who had marriageable daughters. The men who hinted that there was anything crooked about the ex-captain would have been taken to task at once, and yet there was one man in London who firmly believed it and meant to prove it. That man was McNulty, an old Scotland Yard detective. On a certain occasion while he was piping off a receiver of stolen goods he got sight of Charlie Davids in confidential confab with the man. He did not know him then, but he at once set out to learn who he was. In the course of a few weeks he sat down and summed up his case as follows:

"Davids is crooked because he has business with fences. His income is a liberal one, but cannot be traced to any honest source. At three different country houses to which he has been invited there have been robberies. He has got on to the fact that I am piping him off. I got his valet drunk and pumped him, and the man was promptly discharged. He will give me a long fight, but I will trap him."

Davids also sat down and reasoned.

"McNulty saw me talking with old Bones," he mused, "and that was reason enough for him to spot me. He has followed me on the street and pumped my man. He is evidently suspicious. He knows of the robberies, and while he cannot connect me with them he will set traps for me in future. Look out for McNulty."

From that day on for the next six months it was McNulty versus Davids—Davids versus McNulty. The fact that suspicion rested upon him even in the mind of one man served to make the ex-captain bolder than before. Four or five robberies occurred during the six months that left no doubt in McNulty's mind as to who was the perpetrator, and yet he could get no hold on the man he was shadowing. For instance, Davids accompanied Lord Bethsay home in a cab after the theater and a dinner. My lord was drowsy and couldn't tell who his friend was next morning. He had been robbed

HE SAW CHARLIE DAVIDS IN CONFIDENTIAL CONFAB WITH THE MAN

of a watch, pin, rings and purse, but he would have knocked McNulty down had the detective suggested that Davids reaped the benefit of the plunder.

What the detective looked for was a straight case, and, being backed in it by the Yard, he was given all necessary assistance. It thus came to his notice that Charlie Davids was invited down to Squire Huntington's for two weeks' shooting, and he had a list of all other guests. Among them was Lady Isabel Gray, who never moved out of her own house without carrying a peck or so of jewelry with her. When it was suggested to Squire Huntington that some of the "fancy" from London might trouble him during the party he willingly permitted McNulty to establish himself in the house as a footman. A second man from the Yard was given a temporary berth in the stables and the new assistant parlor maid was one of the sharpest female detectives on the staff. They were after a slick man.

McNulty was so well disguised that his own wife didn't know him, and Charlie Davids walked smilingly into the trap prepared for him. Care was taken not to arouse the slightest suspicion on his part, and it was arranged without the squire's wife being any the wiser that his room should be the one directly above that of Lady Gray. He was athletic and wiry, and a shoot dropped from his window would enable him to enter hers. Temptation was to be thrown in his head, so to speak, while McNulty watched outside and the assistant parlor maid kept vigil in the hall. Lady Gray's rubies and diamonds were worth a fortune, and as McNulty thought of them he chuckled to himself.

"There isn't a man on top of this earth who wouldn't make a try for them under the circumstances. I am as sure to lay hands on Davids as I am to see the sun rise."

It didn't turn out so, however. Every night for seven nights the double watch was stationed and nothing came of it. On the afternoon of the eighth day, while the men were all in the sevens shooting and the women scattered about the house, and while Lady Gray was lying down in her room for a brief nap, her whole outfit of jewelry was taken as if by invisible hands. Every male guest was in the field with gun in hand; every servant could account for his or her time to a second. Lady Gray's door was locked, and the jewels had been taken by some one finding entrance at the open window. A gardener had been engaged all the afternoon trimming a rosebush that grew under that window and a part of the time he had used a ladder. He declared that he had not left his work for a moment. He was searched and questioned, but even the chagrined and indignant McNulty believed in his innocence. Inquiries cautiously made in regard to Charlie Davids brought out the fact that he was a mile away at the moment the robbery occurred. The haul amounted to about £30,000, and Scotland Yard got the worst black eye it ever received.

Six months later the ex-captain, for good and sufficient reasons, took up his permanent abode in Paris. He had been there a year or more when he and McNulty met on the street one day. The detective was invited to have a smoke and a drink, and as they sat in Davids' luxurious quarters the baffled officer inquiringly observed:

"Davids, that robbery at Henderson's was a very queer thing. The slick one has got clear off with the goods and can never be meddled with, but I should like to hear what you think about it."

"I have often thought of the matter," quietly replied the ex-captain, "and it is quite clear to me. In the first place, the thief, whoever he was, spotted you in spite of your disguise. Then he got on to the other two. Then he saw that things had been made too easy. He waited till all the men were in the field, and then, although he was not missed, he slipped aside, donned the dress of a gardener and made for the house. He fixed it as the men at work on the rose bush went to the barn for a moment to drink with the coachman. The map was not absent for five minutes, but he did about it. In that five minutes the thief ascended to the room, got the box of jewels and descended and made off and he was lucky enough to don his own dress, secure the box and rejoin the hunt without having been missed. Luck does attend some folks, you know."

"Y-e-s, I know it does," slowly replied McNulty as he nodded his head and drew at his cigar a little more vigorously.

"Anything else?" asked the ex-captain after a long pause.

"No, nothing else," was the reply. "I have accepted your view of the case, and I shan't let it worry me any longer, particularly as the thief is no longer living in England."

Rather Painted Titles.

The following incident is told of a popular and well to do bachelor, who is a patron of a circulating library:

"I am going on a short trip, Miss Blank," he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a couple of interesting novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might not prove interesting to you," replied Miss Blank.

"Just pick out two books for me and I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined gallantly.

"Have you read Barrie's or Bolder's novels?" she asked.

"No; get me one of each and I'll be satisfied," he replied.

She selected two and handed them to her spotless acquaintance who, after fervently thanking her for the favor she had done him, turned up the backs of the books and read these titles:

"When a Man's Single."

"It Is Never Too Late to Mend."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Card.

Mr. Newrich, the dust contractor, having made a fortune, part of which he had invested in house property in the east of London, wished to rise, like a phenix, from his ashes into some sort of society. His golden key applied to the coffers of an impecunious aristocrat opened the way. His new friend among other things advised him that visiting cards were a necessity, and as a guide to drawing up one ready for the printer handed him one of his own, which read:

HAROLD DE VERE.
Lion House,
Portsmouth Square, W.

Two days later, as De Vere was sitting in his dressing gown at breakfast, a servant brought in on a silver a visiting card bearing the following:

EPHRAIM NEWRICH.
I own 23 houses.
London, E.

—London Fun.

The Fox and the Hen.

A Fox, having crept into an outhouse, looked up and down for something to eat and at last spied a Hen sitting upon a perch so high that he could by no means come to her. He therefore had recourse to an old stratagem. "Dear cousin," he said to her, "how do you do? I heard that you were ill and kept at home. I could not rest therefore till I had come to see you. Pray let me feel your pulse. Indeed, you do not look well at all." He was running on in this impudent manner when the Hen answered him from the roost, "Truly, dear Reynard, you are in the right. I was seldom in more danger than I am now. Pray excuse my coming down. I am sure I should catch my death." The Fox, finding himself foiled, made off and tried his luck elsewhere.—Æsop.

EVARTS' QUAINT HUMOR.

How He Passed a Poet and a Statesman Into the Senate.

During the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes' life he visited Washington in company with Robert C. Winthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, so that they were unable to obtain seats. They sent their cards to Mr. Evarts, hoping that he might arrange a place for them, and when he met them in the marble room he explained the difficulty.

"The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two houses of congress, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, ex-senators, persons who have received the thanks of congress and private secretaries to senators. I cannot get you admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectable and remunerative employment as my private secretaries I will find you seats on the floor." Both the poet and the statesman accepted, and Mr. Evarts took them to the door, where he addressed the doorkeeper as follows:

"My dear sir, these two young men are my private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have patience with them and overlook their deficiencies. I wish you would take a good look at them so that when they come here again to see me you will know them." And with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper in a bewildered sort of way remarked in an undertone:

"Well, I'll be blanked!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Growth of the Papal Crown.

Originally the headdress of the popes was only a cap, but Clovis, king of the Franks, to show his respect to the church of Rome, sent to the palace of St. John in Lateran a royal crown of gold, which Anastasius, emperor of Constantinople, had presented to him. The Pope Hormisdas placed upon the tiara this crown, which was at that time nothing more than a circle of gold surmounted by leaf work, being much such a coronet as is nowadays borne by marquises in France. The successor of Pope Hormisdas continued to wear the tiara with one crown only up to the time of Boniface VIII., but this pope, having claimed authority over things temporal as well as spiritual, wished to mark this double dominion on the pontifical tiara, on which he placed two crowns instead of one. Ultimately Pope John XXII. added a third crown.—St. James' Gazette.

Mark Twain's Joke on the Bishop.

Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector.

"Dr. Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied.

And he sent the next morning an unabridged dictionary to the rector.—Boston Post.

Fish Need Air.

Fishes, like all other animals, need air. If they could not get it they would be suffocated just as you would if you were locked in an air tight trunk. When the sea is frozen for miles, as in the Arctic ocean, the fishes find it very hard to come to the top, and must then breathe the air which is dissolved in the water. You have often seen the tiny bubbles which collect on the inside of a glass which has been standing full of water overnight. Well, that is the air which has been dissolved in the water, and after the glass has been tapped, so that all these bubbles come to the top, fishes could not live in that water. In other words, they would drown.

Fasting For Health.

Thousands of years before it was practiced as a religious rite fasting was practiced as a health measure in Egypt, India and China. Contemporary to Cicero was Asclepiades, a Greek physician, who strongly advocated this idea, and 1,000 years after his day Ibn Sina, philosopher and medical sage, urged the virtues of temporary abstinence on the ground that it came easier than constant moderation.

Trimming Sails.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkking, "how do they trim the sails of a yacht?"

"Why—er—they just trim 'em, that's all."

"I know. But what kind of trimming do they use?"—Washington Star.

Your Health.

You young people, don't forget that health is greatly prized in old age. Young people can stand abuses to their health in youth, but terrible interest is collected later on.—Atchison Globe.

Still Harder.

"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay."

"Oh, I don't know. It's worse to have a lot that you simply have to pay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Milton's Opinion.

Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages. He replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

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FOUND, ONE GOLD HEART

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

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"Well, I'll be—hanged!"

Blakely Gowe finished his exclamation of surprise with a milder word than he had in mind, which was an impolite reference to the next condition popularly supposed to follow immediately after the one mentioned. But somehow the profane word stuck. It seemed an affront to the pictured face which looked up at him from the tiny, heart shaped locket he had just picked up from under a sheltering banana rind on lower Broadway.

He stared at it as one who sees a ghost at the trinket which had been concealed from the eyes of the throng in the crowded street only to come to him; for the young, smiling, white browed man's face which was enshrined in the little gold heart was his own.

His own, yet not his. It was another Blakely Gowe of a former existence, so long ago, ten century years. A whole lifetime he had lived since the line he hung this locket over Dolly Kirk's true little heart. He had gone west shortly afterward to make that elusive goal, a fortune. Ranching at first in Montana, then wearying of the slow process and the long wait before New York and Dolly could be counted among the radiant possibilities of life, he had gone to the Klondike.

What years of struggle and suffering, privation and danger had been his! What wanderings over the frozen slopes about the gaunt peaks of the Chilkoot, and all to no purpose. Disheartened at last, he had decided it the only manly thing to do to write Dolly before plunging farther into an unknown country up the Yukon not to wait for him any longer. He "was up against it and always would be," and what right had he to spoil her young life?

He had completely "lost his grip" after that and, not caring whither he went, had drifted. At last after five weary years, heartsick and home hungry, he had turned his face southward toward "God's country." He had "beat his way" across the continent from Seattle the month before and, ashamed in his tattered condition to apply for help from his old friends, had been hunting for work ever since. His last job had taken him into the busy ranks of the subway workers.

"Lord! I hadn't known what it is to be up against it then or I couldn't have looked like that!" he groaned as he scrutinized the boyish countenance of that other self. "And little Dolly—I wonder if ten years have changed her much!"

He pulled his watch from his frayed pocket. In his worst times he had never yielded to the temptation to sell it. He pried it open now and held it up alongside the locket, stepping into a convenient doorway to be out of the crowd.

What he saw photographed on the gold was a sweet girl face, clouded about with masses of dark hair and the whole framed in a graven heart shaped arabesque, to match the locket, he had told her.

"A fine looking hair," people had said of them. Gowe glanced from the likeness into a plate glass window near and smiled grimly at the contrast. His gaunt, unshaven cheeks and prematurely graying temples and rough clothes made the disguise complete.

"She'd never know me in the world," he ruminated ruefully, "and I'm hungry just for one look at her. If I were to put an ad. in the paper now—I think I can scrape up the necessary pennies. By Jove, I'll do it!" And he started off briskly toward Park row.

His ad. was short and concise, but it covered the ground:

Found—Corner Broadway and Spring street, one gold heart containing photo. Owner can have same by communicating with Yukon, 140.

The next morning he was the first at the window and waiting in feverish impatience for the clerk to appear. When at last that important functionary came he snatched at Gowe and remarked yawningly: "Yukon, 140? Here you are. Next."

Hastily he tore it open and read:

Yukon, 140, Care Whirlwind, Downtown.

Dear Sir—I saw your ad. in yesterday's paper. I do hope it is my locket you have found. I value it most highly and will pay more than its intrinsic worth for its return if you will call or let me know where to go to identify it tomorrow morning about 10. I had notices inserted in all the papers yesterday. Perhaps you saw them. Yours anxiously,

DOROTHY KIRK,
No. — Central Park West.

Of course he might have known she would advertise—he had been so absorbed in his own plan for the restoration of the locket and for a sight of Dolly that he had not thought of that. He had spent his last nickel for a meager breakfast at the Wayside inn. Never mind, he would walk; he had the strength of ten now. That little foggie word "Kirk" in her note had given him new life and hope.

She was not married then, and she still prized the little gold heart he had given her enough to offer a reward more than its value. Why, he would go to work in the subway or anywhere. He could live on 10 cents a day and save 90. Then when he had enough he would buy some decent clothes and go to Holburn, in Wall street. He could do something for him—get him a good position perhaps, and then—Dolly!

Once again his feet kept time to the old quickstep which makes the world go round. All of life was once more set to the sweet music of a woman's name—"Dolly, Dolly! My Dolly!"

"You wish to see Miss Kirk? Is it about the locket?" said the sweetest voice in all the world. Dolly at seventeen had been lovely, but Dolly at twenty-seven was more beautiful. How he longed to take her in his arms again—his long empty arms that had ached so often for their precious burden!

All he needed to do was to show her his watch with her photo etched inside. But, no; she might even think he had stolen it. She would never recognize this bruised and broken derelict for her lost lover. He went white under the tan, with the effort it cost him to remain unrecognized. He held out the locket toward her and bowed; his stiffened lips refused his words. Seeing his apparent embarrassment, Dolly melted to kindness.

"Yes, my good man; that is mine, and, oh, I am so glad to get it back!" she broke out impulsively. "It was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world. I will reward you liberally."

She took from her chatelaine af her belt two crisp ten dollar bills and held them toward him. He stiffened at once. He had not thought of the reward. Then all at once he remembered and took the money with a hand that trembled.

"I shall be profoundly grateful to you," he said, with eager eyes on her face, "if you will permit me to call it merely a loan. I will repay you as surely as the sun rises tomorrow morning."

Dolly stirred uneasily. Who was this strange, unkempt man with the haunting eyes and the speech of a college professor? Poor fellow, he looked hungry. Perhaps he had had so much trouble it had turned his brain. She rose hastily.

"Why, certainly, Mr.—Mr. Yukon," she stammered, "and thank you so much, Goodby." And to her own amazement, compelled by those eyes, she put out her hand. He seized it and pressed his dry, hot lips upon it, then ran down the brownstone steps.

He went straight to a haberdashery, a barber shop and a cafe in turn. Then, transformed into a keen faced New York business man—so much for outward appearances—presented himself at the downtown office of the Wall street broker who had been his father's chum at college.

* * * * * * *

"There, my darling Mrs. Gowe, is the twenty I owe you."

Dolly looked up from the dressing table where she was "doing up" her cloudy hair. Her husband never tired of watching this fascinating operation.

"You big mischievous boy," she said fondly. "You love to tease, don't you? How do you happen to owe me twenty?" expecting to hear his oft repeated declaration that he owed everything in the world to her.

"Because I borrowed it from you two years ago," he replied soberly, "and gave as security a heart shaped gold locket."

And then he told her, with his fingers buried in the soft mass of her wonderful hair. When he had finished her little hand stole up to his and carried it down past a tear stained cheek to two trembling lips.

"And I give you back as security, dear," she said, "a little heart with your face engraved in it—to have and to hold forever."

Stumped the Englishman.

"My wife advertised for a cook the other day," said a Columbia heights man, "and among the applicants for the job was the blackest woman I ever saw. But she passed muster all right, and my wife engaged her. We had at dinner that evening a young Englishman, a family connection, who had only been in this country a couple of weeks. The Englishman happened to catch a glimpse of our new cook before dinner was served.

"'By Jove, y' know, what an uncommonly black person,' he exclaimed amazedly, after seeing the cook.

"'She is somewhat dingy, isn't she?' said my wife amusedly. 'What do you suppose her name is?'

"The Englishman gave it up of course.

"'Her name is Goldie,' said my wife slyly.

"The young Englishman looked puzzled and as solemn as an owl.

"'Goldie,' he repeated unsmilingly. 'Fawney! By Jove, now that's odd, y' know. Why should she be called Goldie when she's so uncommonly black, y' know? Wouldn't you naturally think, y' know, that "Goldie" would be a more appropriate name for—er—a blond, y' know?'

"The young Englishman was my guest for four days after that, but was still marveling, with the utmost seriousness, over the mysterious significance of Goldie's name when he took his departure.—Washington Post.

Pitcher Plant.

One of the most remarkable carnivorous vegetables in the world is the pitcher plant of the tropics. It is safe to say at least that no other plant in its kingdom is more ingenious in catching its prey and in disposing of it afterward.

The plant is shaped very much like a pitcher, with the mouth, of course, at the top. The pitcher is, moreover, perfectly water tight and is usually well filled with rain water. The sides are very smooth and inviting.

The plant, thus equipped, lies in wait, if the expression may be used, until some fly or small insect enters or falls into the water compartment. So smooth are the sides that when the prey is once in the water it has great difficulty in getting out and, as a rule, quickly drowns. The insect is then devoured by the plant.

The Old Habit.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death?

Browne—No, Well, well, the ruling passion strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The **Rochester Business Institute** has a national reputation for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill genteel, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N. Y.

Charm of Circus Life.

"There is a charm, a fascination, about circus life that is hard to explain," said a veteran showman. "It is surely a tough, existence, being buffeted about from place to place, often without a bed to sleep in, and the wages, outside of the salaries paid to a few stars, are amazingly small. Yet when a man once gets a taste of circus life it's all up with him. He's never good for anything else and never wants to be. There must be a germ, bred of the sawdust, that gets into the blood. Take the canvasers, for instance. They get $20 a month and their board, which usually consists of bad grub and an impromptu bed in a wagon. Often they don't take their clothes off for weeks at a time. There's one fellow I know who possesses more than the average intelligence. He has a trade, and during the winter he makes on an average $20 a week, and yet just as soon as the circus season opens he throws up his job and goes out on the road with a show for $20 a month. In almost every town the management is besieged by men and boys who want to go along, and many of them offer their services for their board. It's a queer state of affairs."—Philadelphia Record.

Strong Coolies.

The power of endurance of the Chinese cooly is marvelous. Many will travel over forty miles, carrying a heavy load on their backs and think nothing of it. A writer mentions the case of certain coolies who, after going twenty-seven hours without food and having carried a heavy burden in the meantime, still had strength enough left to offer to carry a man fifteen miles farther.

Signed Against Signing.

Man With Petition—I'd like to have your name on this, Ruggles. It's a mere formality, you know, but—

Business Man—I'd like to oblige you, Backshaw, but a fellow came round last week with a pledge binding the signer not to put his name on a petition of any kind for one year, and I signed it.

Chance For Heroism.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.

Pessimistic.

At least half the work done in the world is of no particular use unless it may be for exercise.—Chicago Sentinel.

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Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Carter, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to E. D. Gallup, Attorney.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
Administrators.
Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Known as Lot Number one hundred and eighty-three (183) of Whitney and Wheeler's addition to Bradford as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton, 1877, in book known as number twenty-four (24) Water street, map of said survey being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book No. "2" at page 90, and being the same premises conveyed by Thomas Osborne and Sophia H. Osborne, his wife, to Oscar Bergvall by deed dated September 6, 1898, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book No. "92" at page 206. Improved and having thereon one two-story and attic frame dwelling house, one small one-story frame building and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Oscar Bergvall at the suit of Swift & Company.

Brown & Schoonmaker, plaintiffs' att'ys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 34 on Chestnut street, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the south line of Chestnut street (twenty-five feet from the centre thereof) south eighty-eight degrees east fifty and two one hundredths (S. 88 degrees E. 50.02) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 33 south about one hundred thirty (130) feet to a post; thence parallel to Pine Avenue by an alley west fifty (50) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 32 North about one hundred thirty (130) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 6500 sq. ft. more or less. As surveyed by T. L. Kane in September, 1898. It being the same premises which Elizabeth D. Kane by indenture bearing date the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1899, for the consideration therein mentioned did grant and confirm to the said Katherine K. Sullivan (party hereto) her heirs and assigns forever; and this grant is made subject to all the restrictions, reservations and rights therein contained.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, seven rooms, well pump on rear porch, frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Johanna Horn at the suit of Katherine K. Sullivan.

Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of Warrant 2703 and part of a piece of land conveyed to Nels Nelson from Elizabeth D. Kane by deed bearing date of September 22nd, 1888, and recorded the 24th day of September, A. D. 1888, in the office for recording deeds in Smethport, McKean County, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southwest corner of land of Andrew Anderson on the east side of McClellan avenue; thence along line of said McClellan avenue sixty-five (65) feet south to a post in northwest corner of land now or formerly of Nels Nelson; thence east along line of land of said Nels Nelson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north along land of the said Nels Nelson sixty-five (65) feet to a post in the southeast corner of lot of land of Andrew Anderson; thence west along lot of the said Andrew Anderson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, being the same land conveyed by Nels Nelson and wife to Ellen W. Sylvander by deed dated January 6th, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 109, page 195, etc.

This conveyance is made subject to the reservations as to oil and gas found in above deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen W. Sylvander and M. A. Sylvander, her husband at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

H. S. Rogers, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2388, being lot No. 13 of the plot of the Parkside Land and Improvement Co., on Tionesta avenue, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the west line of Tionesta avenue, two hundred (200) feet north of the northwest corner of said Tionesta avenue and Elm street; thence by the said west line of Tionesta avenue north fifty feet to a post; thence at right angles to said street west one hundred and ninety-five feet to a post in the east line of an alley twenty feet wide; thence by the said east line of alley, south fifty feet to a post; thence east one hundred ninety-five feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, and being the premises conveyed to B. G. Scott by E. H. McCleery, Trustee, by deed dated the 16th day of July, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 112, page 100, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of B. G. Scott at the suit of Shaffer & Shaffer for use of W. H. Shaffer now for use of W. H. Shaffer.

E. C. Anderson, plaintiffs' attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of Haines and Dawson streets, and running thence east eighty-five (85) feet along the south side of Haines street; thence south forty (40) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence west eighty-five (85) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence north along the east side of Dawson street forty feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to Thomas M. Swan by P. W. McHale and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, November 24th, 1899.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Thomas M. Swan at the suit of P. W. McHale and The Bradford Building Loan and Savings Association.

T. J. Dolphin, Chas. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorneys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated on Old lot No. 146 on Warrant 3206 in Bradford Township in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the highway known as the "DeGolia cross road" and at the southeast corner of lands of B. F. Leidy; thence northeasterly by the eastern line of the said Leidy lot, two hundred twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to an iron post at Leidy's northeast corner; thence south seventy-six degrees east (S. 76 degrees E.) parallel with the highway, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet more or less, to an iron post at the northwest corner of lands heretofore conveyed by the within named parties of the first part (Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake) to Jennie H. Thayer; thence southwesterly by the western line of the said lands of Thayer, parallel with the first line, two hundred twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to a point in the center of the highway; thence north seventy-six degrees west (N. 76 degrees W.) by the center of the highway, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. Containing about sixty-six one-hundredths of one acre of land (0.66), as per survey of Frank M. Webster, Surveyor, and being the same land contracted to be sold by Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake, his wife, to Frank A. Thayer by Agreement dated October 27th, 1898.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. A. Thayer at the suit of D. H. Jack.

D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the northeast corner of Davis and Boylston streets, and running thence northerly along the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point; thence eastwardly in a line parallel with the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to a point; thence southerly in a line parallel with the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point in the north line of Boylston street; thence westerly along the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon erected a large frame building partly three and partly two stories high.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Central Hose Company at the suit of Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing Company.

W. E. Burdick, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post on the north side of McKeat avenue ninety-one (91) feet from the east side of Walsh street, on the southwest corner of lot No. 22; thence northerly one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet to lands sold to Mrs. Osmer; thence westerly forty-one (41) feet to lands formerly of J. C. House; thence southerly eighty (80) feet along said land formerly owned by J. C. House; thence westerly fifty (50) feet along south side of lands formerly owned by said J. C. House to the east line of Walsh street; thence southerly along the east line of Walsh street nineteen (19) feet to right of way of Railroad; thence along the north line of said Railroad right of way ninety-one (91) feet to place of beginning. Containing 6418 sq. ft. and known as lots Nos. 23 & 24 surveyed by N. J. Dill July 24th, 1896.

Also—All that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210. Commencing at a point in the east side of Welsh street one hundred and ninety (190) feet south of the southeast corner of Bayard and Welsh streets; thence parallel to Bayard street south seventy degrees east fifty (S. 70 degrees E. 50 ft.) feet; thence parallel to Welsh street south twenty degrees east ten feet (S. 20 degrees E. 10 ft.) from the land of Elizabeth Woodson; thence southwesterly degrees west along the lands of Elizabeth Woodson fifty (50) feet (S. 70 degrees W. 50 ft.) to the east line of Welsh street; thence north twenty degrees west along the east line or side of Welsh street ten feet (N. 20 degrees W. 10 ft.) to the place of beginning. Being the same property conveyed to Elizabeth Bedell by Elizabeth Woodson by deed dated Aug. 25th, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 108, page 181, etc.

The above described two pieces of land being improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elizabeth Bedell and John Bedell at the suit of Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.

C. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situated in Wetmore Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Sub. 80, Warrant 2380, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a post on the north line of Sub. 80, sixty-seven rods and one and one half feet south of the northeast corner of the said Subdivision; thence west eleven rods and six feet and seven inches to a post; thence south two degrees and fifty-four minutes west one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the center of public road; thence north eighty-nine degrees and forty-five minutes east along the center of said public road eleven rods six feet and seven inches to a post in the center of said public road near a maple stump, witness; thence north two degrees and fifty-four minutes east one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres. Being part of the same piece of land conveyed by N. P. Smith and wife to D. C. Wetmore, M. W. Elliott, J. E. West and E. B. Kritzler by Deed dated July 5th, 1861, recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. 32, page 7, etc., and this conveyance is made subject to the exceptions and reservations in the last mentioned Deed contained, which is in the following words "excepting nevertheless and reserving herefrom to the parties of the first part their heirs and assigns all the oil and minerals contained therein, with the right of ingress, egress and regress to obtain said oil and minerals." And being part of the same piece of land conveyed by the grantees last above named to Nathaniel Marion Orr, the grantor hereof, by Deed dated Oct. 1st, 1868.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Chas. L. Robinson, at the suit of Thos. Higgins.

E. L. Ryan, plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3220, and being lot No. 65 Hacker Street, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker street one hundred (100) feet northward of the north-west corner of Hacker and Easton streets; thence by the west line of Hacker street (thirty feet from the centre thereof) north twenty (20 degrees) degrees west fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle south seventy (70 degrees) degrees west one hundred (100) feet upon a post; thence parallel to Hacker street south twenty (20°) degrees east fifty (50) feet to the corner of land of J. A. Gerard; thence by the same north seventy (70 degrees) degrees east one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Containing five thousand square feet, more or less, being the same premises which Elizabeth D. Kane, by her Deed dated the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1901, sold to Patrick Kanavy, Jr., as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house, with six rooms, chicken coop and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Patrick Kanavy, Jr., at the suit of State Capital Saving and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

T. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 26 on the plot of lands of the Parkside Land and Improvement Company, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point at the southeast corner of Ash street and Elk avenue; thence south fifty (50) feet along the south line of Ash street; thence south at right angles one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post corner; thence west at right angles fifty (50) feet to the eastern border of Elk avenue; thence north along the eastern border of Elk avenue one hundred and fifty (150) feet to place of beginning. Containing seven thousand five hundred (7500) square feet of land, more or less. Reserving all petroleum, carburetted hydrogen and other volatile and inflamable minerals and gases, for remembering, waiving and releasing any and all right to enter, to explore, bore, mine, dig for, tank store or pipe the same by works or appliances upon said premises. Being the same premises which Chas. Campbell complied by his deed dated the 24th day of September, A. D. 1901, sold to John Flickinger, mortgagor hereto, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house, nine rooms, with city water and gas for stove and lights, lot graded and shade trees set out, usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Flickinger at the suit of State Capital Saving and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

Thomas J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of ground situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being known as lot "J" of C. S. Whitney's lots on Corydon street as per map of E. M. Wetmore, Surveyor, made and now being now on file in the Recorder's office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Volume 53 at page 350 and being lot No. 4—I on map now on file in the City Engineer's office in the City of Bradford, Pa.

Improved and having thereon one one-story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Disney at the suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, plaintiff's attorney.

13.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on the north line of said highway thirty-four (34) feet from the southwest corner of land deeded to John Dorman by P. Ackley; thence southerly along the north line of said highway sixty-six (66) feet more or less to the southeast corner of lot owned by Spencer; thence at right angles and in a northerly direction along the east line of said Spencer lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles easterly sixty-six (66) feet more or less to Ackley line; thence at right angles southerly along the west line of lands deed to Clara and Maud Ackley one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land deeded to Lucella R. Barr by Philo Ackley and Clarissa his wife by deed dated the 1st day of July, 1898, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 106, page 90, &c. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Bradley H. Barr, Administrator of Estate of Lucila R. Barr, deceased, and Bradley H. Barr at the suit of James George.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being Lot No. 12 as per C. S. Whitney and Companies Map of Lewis Run, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, recorded in Recorder's office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book No. 37, at page 69. Also part of Lot No. 16 being so much of said Lot 16 as is included within an extension of the line between Lots 12 and 13 to within thirty-two feet (32 ft.) of the westerly line of Lot No. 17. A line running parallel to and 32 feet from the said westerly of Lot 17 the north line of McMinn to the S. E. corner of Lot 12 and the easterly line of Lot 12, said Lot 16 being recorded as above in C. S. Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling house, one board barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. A. Foster at the suit of A. Anderson.

D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 15, 1903.

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